



Beautiful Thoughts

FROM

Nathaniel Hawthorne

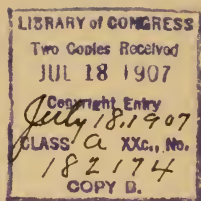
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New York

James Pott & Company

MCMVII

PS 1853
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JANUARY

January 1st.

“A happy New Year!” cried a watchman, eying her figure very questionably, but without the least suspicion that he was addressing the New Year in person.

“Thank you kindly,” said the New Year; and she gave the watchman one of the roses of hope from her basket. “May this flower keep a sweet smell long after I have bidden you good-by!”

Then she stepped on more briskly through the silent streets, and such as were awake at the moment heard her footfall, and said: “The New Year is come!”

—*The Sister-Years.*

January 2d.

As regards its interior life, a large, dim looking-glass used to hang in one of the rooms, and was fabled to contain within its depths all the shapes that had ever been reflected there—the old colonel himself, and his many descendants, some in the garb of antique babyhood, and others in the bloom of feminine beauty or manly prime, or saddened with the wrinkles of frosty age. Had we the secret of that mirror, we would gladly sit down before it, and transfer its revelations to our page.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

January 3d.

There are so many unsubstantial sorrows, which the necessity of our

mortal state begets on idleness, that an observer, casting aside sentiment, is sometimes led to question whether there be any real woe, except absolute physical suffering, and the loss of closest friends.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

January 4th.

“But I,” cried the fresh-hearted New Year—“I shall try to leave men wiser than I find them. I will offer them freely whatever good gifts Providence permits me to distribute, and will tell them to be thankful for what they have and humbly hopeful for more; and surely, if they are not absolute fools, they will condescend to be happy, and will allow me to be

a happy year. For my happiness must depend on them."

—*The Sister-Years.*

January 5th.

And with all its dangerous influences, we have reason to thank God, that there is such a place of refuge from the gloom and chillness of actual life. Hither may come the prisoner, escaping from his dark and narrow cell, and cankerous chain, to breathe free air in this enchanted atmosphere. The sick man leaves his weary pillow, and finds strength to wander hither, though his wasted limbs might not support him even to the threshold of his chamber. The exile passes through the Hall of Fan-

tasy, to revisit his native soil. The burthen of years rolls down from the old man's shoulders the moment that the door uncloses. Mourners leave their heavy sorrows at the entrance, and here rejoin the lost ones, whose faces would else be seen no more, until thought shall have become the only fact. It may be said, in truth, that there is but half a life—the meaner and earthlier half—for those who never find their way into the hall. Nor must I fail to mention, that, in the observatory of the edifice, is kept that wonderful perspective glass, through which the shepherds of the Delectable Mountains showed Christian the far-off gleam of the Celestial City. The eye of Faith still loves to gaze through it.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

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January 6th.

The children had seen Grandfather sitting in this chair ever since they could remember anything. Perhaps the younger of them supposed that he and the chair had come into the world together, and that both had always been as old as they were now.

—*Grandfather's Chair.*

January 7th.

There is something extremely pleasant, and even touching—at least, of very sweet, soft, and winning effect—in this peculiarity of needle-work, distinguishing women from men. Our own sex is incapable of any such by-play aside from the main business of life; but women—be they of what earthly rank they may,

however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with awful beauty—have always some little handiwork ready to fill the tiny gap of every vacant moment.

—*The Marble Faun.*

January 8th.

It is greatly to be feared that the Three Gray Women were very much in the habit of disturbing their mutual harmony by bickerings of this sort, which was the more pity, as they could not conveniently do without one another, and were evidently intended to be inseparable companions. As a general rule, I would advise all people, whether sisters or brothers, old or young, who chance to have but one eye among them to cultivate forbear-

ance, and not all insist upon peeping through it at once.

—*A Wonder Book.*

January 9th.

The better life! Possibly, it would hardly look so now; it is enough if it looked so then. The greatest obstacle to being heroic is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one's self a fool; the truest heroism is, to resist the doubt; and the profoundest wisdom, to know when it ought to be resisted, and when to be obeyed.

Yet, after all, let us acknowledge it wiser, if not more sagacious, to follow out one's day-dream to its natural consummation, although, if the vision have been worth the hav-

ing, it is certain never to be consummated otherwise than by a failure.

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

January 10th.

Grandfather loved a wood-fire far better than a grate of glowing anthracite, or than the dull heat of an invisible furnace, which seems to think that it has done its duty in merely warming the house. But the wood-fire is a kindly, cheerful, sociable spirit, sympathizing with mankind, and knowing that to create warmth is but one of the good offices which are expected from it. Therefore it dances on the hearth, and laughs broadly through the room, and plays a thousand antics, and throws a joyous glow over all the faces that encircle it.

—*Famous Old People.*

January 11th.

But still she was a wonderfully pleasant-looking figure, and had so much promise and such an indescribable hopefulness in her aspect that hardly anybody could meet her without anticipating some very desirable thing—the consummation of some long-sought good—from her kind offices. A few dismal characters there may be here and there about the world who have so often been trifled with by young maidens as promising as she, that they have now ceased to pin any faith upon the skirts of the New Year. But, for my own part, I have great faith in her, and, should I live to see fifty more such, still from each of those successive sisters I shall reckon upon receiving

something that will be worth living for.

—*The Sister-Years.*

January 12th.

It is singular how very few there are, who do not occasionally gain admittance on such a score, either in abstracted musings, or momentary thoughts, or bright anticipations, or vivid remembrances; for even the actual becomes ideal, whether in hope or memory, and beguiles the dreamer into the Hall of Fantasy. Some unfortunates make their whole abode and business here, and contract habits which unfit them for all the real employments of life. Others—but these are few—possess the faculty, in their occasional visits, of discovering a

purser truth than the world can impart, among the lights and shadows of these pictured windows.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

January 13th.

It is the voice of Winter; and when parents and children hear it, they shudder, and exclaim: "Winter is come. Cold Winter has begun his reign already." Now, throughout New England each hearth becomes an altar sending up the smoke of a continued sacrifice to the immitigable deity who tyrannizes over forest, country-side, and town. Yet not ungrateful be his New England children (for Winter is our sire, though a stern and rough one)—not ungrateful even for the severities which have nourished our unyielding strength of

character. And let us thank him, too, for the sleigh rides cheered by the music of merry bells; for the crackling and rustling hearth when the ruddy firelight gleams on hardy manhood and the blooming cheek of woman; for all the home enjoyments and the kindred virtues which flourish in a frozen soil.

—*Snowflakes.*

January 14th.

The aspect of the venerable mansion has always affected me like a human countenance, bearing the traces not merely of outward storm and sunshine, but expressive, also, of the long lapse of mortal life, and accompanying vicissitudes that have passed within.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

January 15th.

Side by side with the massiveness of the Roman Past, all matters that we handle or dream of now-a-days look evanescent and visionary alike.

—*The Marble Faun.*

January 16th.

There is certainly no method by which the shadowy outlines of departed men and women can be made to assume the hues of life more effectually than by connecting their images with the substantial and homely reality of a fireside chair. It causes us to feel at once that these characters of history had a private and familiar existence, and were not wholly contained within that cold ar-

ray of outward action which we are compelled to receive as the adequate representation of their lives.

—*Grandfather's Chair.*

January 17th.

Time—where man lives not—what is it but eternity? And in the church, we might suppose, are garnered up, throughout the week, all thoughts and feelings that have reference to eternity, until the holy day comes round again, to let them forth. Might not, then, its more appropriate site be in the outskirts of the town, with space for old trees to wave around it and throw their solemn shadows over a quiet green?

—*Twice Told Tales.*

January 18th.

Onward, onward, into that dimness where the lights of Time, which have blazed along the procession, are flickering in their sockets! And whither! We know not, and Death, hitherto our leader, deserts us by the wayside, as the tramp of our innumerable footsteps pass beyond his sphere. He knows not, more than we, our destined goal. But God, who made us, knows, and will not leave us on our toilsome and doubtful march, either to wander in infinite uncertainty, or perish by the way.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

January 19th.

The founders of a new colony, whatever Utopia of human virtue

and happiness they might originally project, have invariably recognized it among their earliest practical necessities to allot a portion of the virgin soil as a cemetery, and another portion as the site of a prison. In accordance with this rule, it may safely be assumed that the forefathers of Boston had built the first prison-house somewhere in the vicinity of Cornhill, almost as seasonably as they marked out the first burial-ground, on Isaac Johnson's lot, and round about his grave, which subsequently became the nucleus of all the congregated sepulchers in the old churchyard of King's Chapel. —*The Scarlet Letter.*

January 20th.

When we find ourselves fading into shadows and unrealities, it seems

hardly worth while to be sad, but rather to laugh as gayly as we may, and ask little reason wherefore.

—*The Marble Faun.*

January 21st.

At last the children grew weary of their sports; because a summer afternoon is like a long lifetime to the young. So they came into the room together, and clustered round Grandfather's great chair. Little Alice, who was hardly five years old, took the privilege of the youngest and climbed his knee. It was a pleasant thing to behold that fair and golden-haired child in the lap of the old man, and to think that, different as they were, the hearts of both could be gladdened with the same joys.

—*Grandfather's Chair.*

January 22d.

What a pity that the kitchen, and the housework generally, cannot be left out of our system altogether! It is odd enough that the kind of labor which falls to the lot of women is just that which chiefly distinguishes artificial life—the life of degenerated mortals—from the life of Paradise. Eve had no dinner pot, and no clothes to mend, and no washing day.

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

January 23d.

But, if the spectator broods long over the statue, he will be conscious of its spell; all the pleasantness of sylvan life, all the genial and happy characteristics of creatures that dwell

in the woods and fields, will seem to be mingled and kneaded into one substance, along with the kindred qualities in the human soul. Trees, grass, flowers, woodland streamlets, cattle, deer, and unsophisticated man! The essence of all these was compressed long ago, and still exists within that discolored marble surface of the Faun of Praxiteles.

—*The Marble Faun.*

January 24th.

This rose bush, by a strange chance, has been kept alive in history; but whether it had merely survived out of the stern old wilderness, so long after the fall of the gigantic pines and oaks that originally overshadowed it—or whether, as there is a

fair authority for believing, it had sprung up under the footsteps of the sainted Ann Hutchinson, as she entered the prison-door—we shall not take upon us to determine. Finding it so directly on the threshold of our narrative, which is now about to issue from that inauspicious portal, we could hardly do otherwise than pluck one of its flowers, and present it to the reader. It may serve, let us hope, to symbolize some sweet moral blossom, that may be found along the track, or relieve the darkening close of a tale of human frailty and sorrow.

—*The Scarlet Letter.*

January 25th.

Oh, Judgment Seat, not by the pure
in heart wast thou established, nor in

the simplicity of nature; but by hard and wrinkled men, and upon the accumulated heap of earthly wrong! Thou art the very symbol of man's perverted state.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

January 26th.

In the depths of every heart there is a tomb and a dungeon, though the lights, the music, and revelry above may cause us to forget their existence and the buried ones or prisoners whom they hide. But sometimes, and oftenest at midnight, those dark receptacles are flung wide open. In an hour like this, when the mind has a passive sensibility, but no active strength—when the imagination is a mirror imparting vividness to all

ideas without the power of selecting or controlling them—then pray that your griefs may slumber and the brotherhood of remorse not break their chain.

—*The Haunted Mind.*

January 27th.

Man's intellect, moderated by Woman's tenderness and moral sense! Were such the legislation of the world, there would be no need of State-houses, Capitols, Halls of Parliament, nor even of those little assemblages of patriarchs beneath the shadowy trees, by whom freedom was first interpreted to mankind on our native shores.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

January 28th.

Happy the man that has such a friend beside him when he comes to die! and unless a friend like Hollingsworth be at hand—as most probably there will not—he had better make up his mind to die alone. How many men, I wonder, does one meet with, in a lifetime, whom he would choose for his death-bed companions!

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

January 29th.

His heart yearned within him; for he was eager to tell his wife of the new home which he had chosen. But when he beheld her pale and hollow cheek, and found how her strength was wasted, he must have known that her appointed home was in a better

land. Happy for him, then—happy both for him and her—if they remembered that there was a path to Heaven, as well from this heathen wilderness as from the Christian land whence they had come.

—*Grandfather's Chair.*

January 30th.

I am apt to be fearful in old, gloomy houses, and in the dark. I love no dark or dusky corners, except it be in a grotto, or among the thick green leaves of an arbor, or in some nook of the woods, such as I know many in the neighborhood of my home. Even there, if a stray sunbeam steal in, the shadow is all the better for its cheerful glimmer.

—*The Marble Faun.*

January 31st.

This is no strange thing in human experience. Men who attempt to do the world more good than the world is able entirely to comprehend are almost invariably held in bad odor. But yet, if the wise and good man can wait a while, either the present generation or posterity will do him justice.

—Famous Old People.

FEBRUARY

February 1st.

It is perilous to make a chasm in human affections; not that they gape so long and wide—but so quickly close again!

—*Twice Told Tales.*

February 2d.

But, as thoughts are frozen and utterance benumbed, unless the speaker stand in some true relation with his audience, it may be pardonable to imagine that friend, a kind and apprehensive, though not the closest friend, is listening to our talk; and then a native reserve being thawed by this genial consciousness, we may

prate of the circumstances that lie around us, and even of ourself, but still keep the inmost Me behind its veil. To this extent, and within these limits, an author, methinks, may be autobiographical, without violating either the reader's rights or his own.

—*The Custom House.*

February 3d.

These wooded and flowery lawns are more beautiful than the finest of English park-scenery, more touching, more impressive, through the neglect that leaves Nature so much to her own ways and methods. Since man seldom interferes with her, she sets to work in her quiet way and makes herself at home. There is enough of human care, it is true,

bestowed long ago and still bestowed, to prevent wildness from growing into deformity; and the result is an ideal landscape, a woodland scene that seems to have been projected out of the poet's mind.

—*The Marble Faun.*

February 4th.

It often happens that the outcasts of one generation are those who are revered as the wisest and best of men by the next. The securest fame is that which comes after a man's death.

—*Grandfather's Chair.*

February 5th.

We were of all creeds and opinions, and generally tolerant of all, on every imaginable subject. Our bond, it

seems to me, was not affirmative, but negative. We had individually found one thing or another to quarrel with in our past life, and were pretty well agreed as to the inexpediency of lumbering along with the old system any further. As to what should be substituted, there was much less unanimity. We did not greatly care—at least, I never did—for the written constitution under which our millenium had commenced. My hope was, that, between theory and practice, a true and available mode of life might be struck out, and that, even should we ultimately fail, the months or years spent in the trial would not have been wasted, either as regarded passing enjoyment, or the experience which makes men wise.

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

February 6th.

Only by watching the efforts of the most skillful copyists—men who spend a lifetime, as some of them do, in multiplying copies of a single picture—and observing how invariably they leave out just the indefinable charm that involves the last, inestimable value, can we understand the difficulties of the task which they undertake.

—*The Marble Faun.*

February 7th.

On the whole, it was a society such as has seldom met together; nor, perhaps, could it reasonably be expected to hold together long. Persons of marked individuality—crooked sticks,

as some of us might be called—are not exactly the easiest to bind up into a fagot. But, so long as our union should subsist, a man of intellect and feeling, with a free nature in him, might have sought far and near without finding so many points of attraction as would allure him hitherward.

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

February 8th.

It is a little remarkable, that—though disinclined to talk overmuch of myself and my affairs at the fire-side, and to my personal friends—an autobiographical impulse should twice in my life have taken possession of me, in addressing the public. The first time was three or four years since, when I favored the reader—inex-

cusably, and for no earthly reason, that either the indulgent reader or the intrusive author could imagine—with a description of my way of life in the deep quietude of an Old Manse. And now—because, beyond my deserts, I was happy enough to find a listener or two on the former occasion—I again seize the public by the button, and talk of my three years' experience in a Custom House.

—*The Custom House.*

February 9th.

The little brook ran along over its pathway of gold, here pausing to form a pool in which minnows were darting to and fro, and then it hurried onward at a swifter pace, as if in haste to reach the lake, and, forget-

ting to look whither it went, it tumbled over the root of a tree which stretched quite across its current. You would have laughed to hear how noisily it babbled about this accident. And even after it had run onward the brook still kept talking to itself, as if it were in a maze. It was wonder-smitten, I suppose, at finding its dark dell so illuminated and at hearing the prattle and merriment of so many children. So it stole away as quickly as it could and hid itself in the lake.

—*A Wonder Book.*

February 10th.

Often, in a young child's ideas and fancies, there is something which it requires the thought of a lifetime to comprehend.

—*Grandfather's Chair.*

February 11th.

In truth, it is desperately hard work when we attempt to throw the spell of hoary antiquity over localities with which the living world and the day that is passing over us have aught to do. Yet, as I glanced at the stately staircase down which the procession of the old governors had descended, and as I emerged through the venerable portal whence their figures had preceded me, it gladdened me to be conscious of a thrill of awe.

—*Howe's Masquerade.*

February 12th.

It will be seen, likewise, that this Custom-House sketch has a certain propriety, of a kind always recognized

in literature, as explaining how a large portion of the following pages came into my possession, and as offering proofs of the authenticity of a narrative therein contained. This, in fact—a desire to put myself in my true position as editor, or very little more, of the most prolix among the tales that make up my volume—this, and no other, is my true reason for assuming a personal relation with the public.

—*The Custom House.*

February 13th.

Would Time but await the close of our favorite follies, we should be young men, all of us, and till Doomsday.

—*Twice Told Tales.*

February 14th.

But it is an awful thing, indeed, this endless endurance, this almost indestructibility, of a marble bust! Whether in our own case, or that of other men, it bids us sadly measure the little, little time, during which our lineaments are likely to be of interest to any human being. It is especially singular that Americans should care about perpetuating themselves in this mode. The brief duration of our families, as a hereditary household, renders it next to a certainty that the great-grandchildren will not know their father's grandfather, and that half a century hence, at farthest, the hammer of the auctioneer will thump its knock-down blow against his block-head, sold at so much for the pound

of stone! And it ought to make us shiver, the idea of leaving our features to be a dusty-white ghost among strangers of another generation, who will take our nose between their thumb and fingers (as we have seen men do by Cæsar's), and infallibly break it off, if they can do so without detection!

—*The Marble Faun.*

February 15th.

Her simple, careless, childish flow of spirits often made me sad. She seemed to me like a butterfly at play in a flickering bit of sunshine, and mistaking it for a broad and eternal summer. We sometimes hold mirth to a stricter accountability than sorrow—it must show good cause, or

the echo of its laughter comes back drearily.

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

February 16th.

And, to tell you the truth, I cannot help being glad that our foolish Pandora peeped into the box. No doubt—no doubt—the Troubles are still flying about the world, and have increased in multitude rather than lessened, and are a very ugly set of imps, and carry most venomous stings in their tails. I have felt them already, and expect to feel them more as I grow older. But then that lovely and lightsome little figure of Hope! What in the world could we do without her? Hope spiritualizes the earth; Hope makes it always

new; and even in the earth's best and brightest aspect Hope shows it to be only the shadow of an infinite bliss hereafter.

—*A Wonder Book.*

February 17th.

Amid the seeming confusion of our mysterious world, individuals are so nicely adjusted to a system, and systems to one another, and to a whole, that, by stepping aside for a moment, a man exposes himself to a fearful risk of losing his place forever.

—*Twice Told Tales.*

February 18th.

And yet, though invariably happiest elsewhere, there is within me a feeling for old Salem, which, in lack

of a better phrase, I must be content to call affection. The sentiment is probably assignable to the deep and aged roots which my family has struck into the soil. It is now nearly two centuries and a quarter since the original Briton, the earliest emigrant of my name, made his appearance in the wild and forest-bordered settlement, which has since become a city. And here his descendants have been born and died, and have mingled their earthy substance with the soil; until no small portion of it must necessarily be akin to the mortal frame wherewith, for a little while, I walk the streets. In part, therefore, the attachment which I speak of is the mere sensuous sympathy of dust for dust. Few of my countrymen can know what it is; nor, as frequent transplantation

is perhaps better for the stock, need they consider it desirable to know.

—*The Custom House.*

February 19th.

Men are wonderfully soon satisfied, in this day of shameful bodily enervation, when, from one end of life to the other, such multitudes never taste the sweet weariness that follows accustomed toil. I seldom saw the new enthusiasm that did not grow as flimsy and flaccid as the proselyte's moistened shirt-collar, with a quarter of an hour's active labor under a July sun.

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

February 20th.

It is a good state of mind for mortal man, when he is content to leave

no more definite memorial than the grass, which will sprout kindly and speedily over his grave, if we do not make the spot barren with marble. Methinks, too, it will be a fresher and better world, when it flings off this great burden of stony memories, which the ages have deemed it a piety to heap upon its back.

—*The Marble Faun.*

February 21st.

Purity and simplicity hold converse, at every moment, with their Creator.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

February 22d.

I know not whether these ancestors of mine bethought themselves to re-

pent, and ask pardon of Heaven for their cruelties; or whether they are now groaning under the heavy consequences of them, in another state of being. At all events, I, the present writer, as their representative, hereby take shame upon myself for their sakes, and pray that any curse incurred by them—as I have heard, and as the dreary and unprosperous condition of the race, for many a long year back, would argue to exist—may be now and henceforth removed.

—*The Custom House.*

February 23d.

Some illusions, and this among them, are the shadows of great truths. Doubts may flit around me, or seem to close their evil wings, and settle

down; but, so long as I imagine that the earth is hallowed, and the light of Heaven retains its sanctity, on the Sabbath—while that blessed sunshine lives within me—never can my soul have lost the instinct of its faith. If it has gone astray, it will return again.

—*Twice Told Tales.*

February 24th.

It is a mistaken idea, which men generally entertain, that nature has made women especially prone to throw their whole being into what is technically called love. We have, to say the least, no more necessity for it than yourselves; only we have nothing else to do with our hearts. When women have other objects in life, they

are not apt to fall in love. I can think of many women distinguished in art, literature, and science—and multitudes whose hearts and minds find good employment in less ostentatious ways—who lead high, lonely lives, and are conscious of no sacrifice so far as your sex is concerned.

—*The Marble Faun.*

February 25th.

And, finally, unless there be real affection in his heart, a man cannot—such is the bad state to which the world has brought itself—cannot more effectually show his contempt for a brother mortal, nor more gallingly assume a position of superiority, than by addressing him as “friend.” Especially does the misapplication of

this phrase bring out that latent hostility which is sure to animate peculiar sects, and those who, with however generous a purpose, have sequestered themselves from the crowd; a feeling, it is true, which may be hidden in some dog-kennel of the heart, grumbling there in the darkness, but is never quite extinct, until the dissenting party have gained power and scope enough to treat the world generously.

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

February 26th.

We all of us, as we grow older, lose somewhat of our proximity to nature. It is the price we pay for experience.

—*The Marble Faun.*

February 27th.

He had faith enough to believe, and wisdom enough to know, that the bloom of the flower would be even holier and happier than its bud. Even within himself—though Grandfather was now at that period of life when the veil of mortality is apt to hang heavily over the soul—still, in his inmost being he was conscious of something that he would not have exchanged for the best happiness of childhood. It was a bliss to which every sort of earthly experience—all that he had enjoyed, or suffered, or seen, or heard, or acted, with the broodings of his soul upon the whole—had contributed somewhat. In the same manner must a bliss, of which now they could have no conception,

grow up within these children, and form a part of their sustenance for immortality.

—*Grandfather's Chair.*

February 28th.

It is very singular how the fact of a man's death often seems to give people a truer idea of his character, whether for good or evil, than they have ever possessed while he was living and acting among them. Death is so genuine a fact that it excludes falsehood, or betrays its emptiness; it is a touchstone that proves the gold and dishonors the baser metal. Could the departed, whoever he may be, return in a week after his decease, he would almost invariably find himself at a higher or lower point than he had

formerly occupied on the scale of public appreciation.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

February 29th.

Yonder sun has left us, and the whole world is fading from our sight. Let us sleep, as this lovely little figure is sleeping. Our Father only knows, whether what outward things we have possessed to-day are to be snatched from us forever. But should our earthly life be leaving us with the departing light, we need not doubt that another morn will find us somewhere beneath the smile of God.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

MARCH

March 1st.

We can be but partially acquainted even with the events which actually influence our course through life, and our final destiny. There are innumerable other events, if such they may be called, which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near approach, by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds.

—*Twice Told Tales.*

March 2d.

There are some individuals, of whom we cannot conceive it proper that they should apply their hands to

any earthly instrument, or work out any definite act; and others, perhaps not less high, to whom it is an essential attribute to labor, in body as well as spirit, for the welfare of their brethren. Thus, if we find a spiritual sage, whose unseen, inestimable influence has exalted the moral standard of mankind, we will choose for his companion some poor laborer, who has wrought for love in the potato field of a neighbor poorer than himself.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

March 3d.

The sick in mind, and, perhaps, in body, are rendered more darkly and hopelessly so by the manifold reflection of their disease, mirrored back

from all quarters, in the deportment of those about them; they are compelled to inhale the poison of their own breath, in infinite repetition.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

March 4th.

Wealth is the golden essence of the outward world, embodying almost everything that exists beyond the limits of the soul; and therefore it is the natural yearning for the life in the midst of which we find ourselves, and of which gold is the condition of enjoyment, that men abridge into this general wish.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

March 5th.

From generation to generation, a chair sits familiarly in the midst of

human interests, and is witness to the most secret and confidential intercourse that mortal man can hold with his fellow. The human heart may best be read in the fireside chair. And as to external events, Grief and Joy keep a continual vicissitude around it and within it. Now we see the glad face and glowing form of Joy, sitting merrily in the old chair, and throwing a warm firelight radiance over all the household. Now, while we thought not of it, the dark clad mourner, Grief, has stolen into the place of Joy, but not to retain it long. The imagination can hardly grasp so wide a subject as is embraced in the experience of a family chair.

—*Grandfather's Chair.*

March 6th.

Christian faith is a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors.

—*The Marble Faun.*

Rest, rest, thou weary world! for to-morrow's round of toil and pleasure will be as wearisome as to-day's has been; yet both shall bear thee onward a day's march of eternity.

—*Twice Told Tales.*

March 7th.

It is to the credit of human nature, that, except where its selfishness is brought into play, it loves more read-

ily than it hates. Hatred, by a gradual and quiet process, will even be transformed to love, unless the change be impeded by a continually new irritation of the original feeling of hostility.

—*The Scarlet Letter.*

March 8th.

It is a very miserable epoch when the evil necessities of life in our tortuous world first get the better of us so far as to compel us to attempt throwing a cloud over our transparency. Simplicity increases in value the longer we can keep it, and the farther we carry it onward into life; the loss of a child's simplicity, in the inevitable lapse of years, causes but a natural sigh or two, because even his mother

feared that he could not keep it always. But after a young man has brought it through his childhood, and has still worn it in his bosom, not as an early dew drop, but as a diamond of pure, white luster—it is a pity to lose it, then.

—*The Marble Faun.*

March 9th.

Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity.

—*Twice Told Tales.*

March 10th.

If you could choose an hour of wakefulness out of the whole night,

it would be this: Since your sober bed-time, at eleven, you have had rest enough to take off the pressure of yesterday's fatigue, while before you, till the sun comes from "Far Cathay" to brighten your window, there is almost the space of a summer night—one hour to be spent in thought with the mind's eye half shut, and two in pleasant dreams, and two in that strangest of enjoyments, the forgetfulness alike of joy and woe. The moment of rising belongs to another period of time, and appears so distant that the plunge out of a warm bed into the frosty air cannot yet be anticipated with dismay. Yesterday has already vanished among the shadows of the past; to-morrow has not yet emerged from the future. You have found an intermediate space where the business

of life does not intrude, where the passing moment lingers and becomes truly the present; a spot where Father Time, when he thinks nobody is watching him, sits down by the wayside to take breath. Oh, that he would fall asleep and let mortals live on without growing older!

—*The Haunted Mind.*

March 11th.

The past is but a coarse and sensual prophecy of the present and the future.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

March 12th.

The root of human nature strikes down deep into this earthly soil; and it is but reluctantly that we submit to

be transplanted, even for a higher cultivation in Heaven. I query whether the destruction of the earth would gratify any one individual; except, perhaps, some embarrassed man of business, whose notes fall due a day after the day of doom.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

March 13th.

What is Guilt? A stain upon the soul. And it is a point of vast interest, whether the soul may contract such stains, in all their depth and flagrancy, from deeds which may have been plotted and resolved upon, but which, physically, have never had existence. Must the fleshly hand and visible frame of man set its seal to the evil designs of the soul, in order to

give them their entire validity against the sinner?

—*Twice Told Tales.*

March 14th.

Nobody, I think, ought to read poetry, or look at pictures or statues, who cannot find a great deal more in them than the poet or artist has actually expressed. Their highest merit is suggestiveness.

—*The Marble Faun.*

March 15th.

Why are poets so apt to choose their mates, not for any similiarity of poetic endowment, but for qualities which might make the happiness of the rudest handicraftsman as well as that of the ideal craftsman of the

spirit? Because, probably, at his highest elevation, the poet needs no human intercourse; but he finds it dreary to descend, and be a stranger.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

March 16th.

The strangest wishes—yet most incident to men who had gone deep into scientific pursuits, and attained a high intellectual stage, though not the loftiest—were, to contend with Nature, and wrest from her some secret, or some power, which she had seen fit to withhold from mortal grasp. She loves to delude her aspiring students, and mock them with mysteries that seem but just beyond their utmost reach. To concoct new minerals—to produce new forms of

vegetable life—to create an insect, if nothing higher in the living scale—is a sort of wish that has often revelled in the breast of a man of science.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

March 17th.

Hast thou exhausted possibility in the failure of this one trial? Not so! The future is yet full of trial and success. There is happiness to be enjoyed! There is good to be done!

—*The Scarlet Letter.*

March 18th.

How wonderful that this our narrow foothold of the Present should hold its own so constantly, and, while every moment changing, should still be like a rock betwixt the encounter-

ing tides of the long Past, and the infinite To-come!

—*The Marble Faun.*

March 19th.

Oh! who, in the enthusiasm of a day-dream, has not wished that he were a wanderer in a world of summer wilderness, with one fair and gentle being hanging lightly on his arm? In youth, his free and exulting step would know no barrier but the rolling ocean or the snow-topt mountains; calmer manhood would choose a home, where Nature had strewn a double wealth, in the vale of some transparent stream; and when hoary age, after long, long years of that pure life, stole on and found him there, it would find him the father of

a race, the patriarch of a people, the founder of a mighty nation yet to be.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

March 20th.

All at once, as with a sudden smile of Heaven, forth burst the sunshine, pouring a very flood into the obscure forest, gladdening each green leaf, transmuting the yellow fallen ones to gold, and gleaming adown the gray trunks of the solemn trees. The objects that had made a shadow hitherto, embodied the brightness now. The course of the little brook might be traced by its merry gleam afar into the wood's heart of mystery, which had become a mystery of joy.

Such was the sympathy of Nature—that wild, heathen Nature of the

forest, never subjugated by human law, nor illumined by higher truth—with the bliss of these two spirits! Love, whether newly born, or aroused from a death-like slumber, must always create a sunshine, filling the heart so full of radiance, that it overflows upon the outward world.

—*The Scarlet Letter.*

March 21st.

In truth, there is no such thing in man's nature as a settled and full resolve, either for good or evil, except at the very moment of execution. Let us hope, therefore, that all the dreadful consequences of sin will not be incurred unless the act have set its seal upon the thought.

—*Twice Told Tales.*

March 22d.

Be cheerful; whatever may happen,
be nothing but cheerful.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

March 23d.

Unless people are more than commonly disagreeable, it is my foolish habit to contract a kindness for them. The better part of my companion's character, if it have a better part, is that which usually comes uppermost in my regard, and forms the type whereby I recognize the man. As most of these old Custom-House officers had good traits, and as my position in reference to them, being paternal and protective, was favor-

able to the growth of friendly sentiments, I soon grew to like them all.

—*The Custom House.*

March 24th.

It must be a spirit much unlike my own which can keep itself in health and vigor without sometimes stealing from the sultry sunshine of the world to plunge into the cool bath of solitude. At intervals, and not infrequent ones, the forest and the ocean summon me—one with the roar of its waves, the other with the murmur of its boughs—forth from the haunts of men. But I must wander many a mile ere I could stand beneath the shadow of even one primeval tree, much less be lost among the multitude of hoary trunks and hidden from the

earth and sky by the mystery of darksome foliage. Nothing is within my daily reach more like a forest than the acre or two of woodland near some suburban farmhouse. When, therefore, the yearning for seclusion becomes a necessity within me, I am drawn to the seashore which extends its line of rude rocks and seldom-trodden sands for leagues around our bay.

—*Footprints on the Seashore.*

March 25th.

There is sad confusion, indeed, when the spirit thus flits away into the past, or into the more awful future, or, in any manner, steps across the spaceless boundary betwixt its own region and the actual world; where the body remains to guide itself, as

best it may, with little more than the mechanism of animal life. It is like death, without death's quiet privilege—its freedom from mortal care.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

March 26th.

According to these highly respectable witnesses, the minister, conscious that he was dying—conscious, also, that the reverence of the multitude placed him already among saints and angels—had desired, by yielding up his breath in the arms of that fallen woman, to express to the world how utterly nugatory is the choicest of man's own righteousness. After exhausting life in his efforts for mankind's spiritual good, he had made the manner of his death a parable, in

order to impress on his admirers the mighty and mournful lesson, that, in the view of Infinite Purity, we are sinners all alike. It was to teach them, that the holiest among us has but attained so far above his fellows as to discern more clearly the Mercy which looks down, and repudiate more utterly the phantom of human merit, which would look aspiringly upward.

—*The Scarlet Letter.*

March 27th.

Thus it is, that ideas which grow up within the imagination, and appear so lovely to it, and of a value beyond whatever men call valuable, are exposed to be shattered and annihilated by contact with the Practical. It is requisite for the ideal artist to

possess a force of character that seems hardly compatible with its delicacy; he must keep his faith in himself, while the incredulous world assails him with its utter disbelief; he must stand up against mankind and be his own sole disciple, both as respects his genius, and the objects to which it is directed.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

March 28th.

Yes, the wild dreamer was awake at last. To find the mysterious treasure he was to till the earth around his mother's dwelling and reap its products; instead of warlike command or regal or religious sway, he was to rule over the village children, and now the visionary maid had faded

from his fancy, and in her place he saw the playmate of his childhood.

Would all who cherish such wild wishes but look around them, they would oftenest find their sphere of duty, of prosperity, and happiness within those precincts and in that station where Providence itself has cast their lot. Happy they who read the riddle without a weary world-search or a lifetime spent in vain!

—*The Threefold Destiny.*

March 29th.

Dispositions more boldly speculative may derive a stern enjoyment from the discovery since there must be evil in the world, that a high man is as likely to grasp his share of it as a low one. A wider scope of view,

and a deeper insight, may see rank, dignity, and station, all proved illusory, so far as regards their claim to human reverence, and yet not feel as if the universe were thereby tumbled headlong into chaos.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

March 30th.

Who more need the tender succor of the innocent, than wretches stained with guilt? And must a selfish care for the spotlessness of our own garments keep us from pressing the guilty ones close to our hearts, wherein, for the very reason that we are innocent, lies their securest refuge from further ill?

—*The Marble Faun.*

March 31st.

It is not until the crime is accomplished that guilt clenches its gripe upon the guilty heart and claims it for its own. Then, and not before, sin is actually felt and acknowledged, and, if unaccompanied by repentance, grows a thousandfold more virulent by its self-consciousness.

—*Twice Told Tales.*

APRIL

April 1st.

This venerable figure explained that he was in search of To-morrow.

“ I have spent all my life in pursuit of it,” added the sage old gentleman, “ being assured that To-morrow has some vast benefit or other in store for me. But I am now getting on a little in years, and must make haste ; for unless I overtake To-morrow soon, I begin to be afraid it will finally escape me.”

“ This fugitive To-morrow, my venerable friend,” said the Man of Intelligence, “ is a stray child of Time, and is flying from his father into the region of the infinite. Continue your pursuit, and you will doubtless come

up with him; but as to the earthly gifts which you expect, he has scattered them all among a throng of Yesterdays."

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

April 2d.

It is the special excellence of pictured glass, that the light, which falls merely on the outside of other pictures, is here interfused throughout the work; it illuminates the design, and invests it with a living radiance; and in requital the unfading colors transmute the common daylight into a miracle of richness and glory in its passage through the heavenly substance of the blessed and angelic shapes which throng the high-arched window.

It is a sad necessity that any Christian soul should pass from earth without once seeing an antique painted window, with the bright Italian sunshine glowing through it! There is no other such true symbol of the glories of the better world, where a celestial radiance will be inherent in all things and persons, and render each continually transparent to the sight of all.

—*The Marble Faun.*

April 3d.

In youth, perhaps, it is good for the observer to run about the earth—to leave the track of his footsteps far and wide—to mingle himself with the action of numberless vicissitudes—and, finally in some calm solitude, to

feed a musing spirit on all that he has seen and felt.

—*Twice Told Tales.*

April 4th.

What other dungeon is so dark as one's own heart? What jailer so inexorable as one's self?

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

April 5th.

Giovanni's first movement on starting from sleep, was to throw open the window, and gaze down into the garden which his dreams had made so fertile of mysteries. He was surprised, and a little ashamed, to find how real and matter-of-fact an affair it proved to be, in the first rays of the sun, which gilded the dew drops that

while giving a brighter beauty to each rare flower, brought everything within the limits of ordinary experience. The young man rejoiced, that, in the heart of the barren city, he had the privilege of overlooking this spot of lovely and luxuriant vegetation. It would serve, he said to himself, as a symbolic language, to keep him in communion with nature.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

April 6th.

Is there no reality in the penitence thus sealed and witnessed by good works? And wherefore should it not bring you peace?

—*The Scarlet Letter.*

But we may safely leave brethren and sisterhood to settle their own

congenialities. Our ordinary distinctions become so trifling, so impalpable, so ridiculously visionary, in comparison with a classification founded on truth, that all talk about the matter is immediately a common-place.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

April 7th.

The great folio, in which the Man of Intelligence recorded all these freaks of idle hearts, and aspirations of deep hearts, and desperate longings of miserable hearts, and evil prayers of perverted hearts, would be curious reading, were it possible to obtain it for publication. Human character in its individual developments—human nature in the mass—may best be studied in its wishes: and this was the record of them all.

There was an endless diversity of mode and circumstance, yet withal such a similarity in the real groundwork, that any one page of the volume—whether written in the days before the Flood, or the yesterday that is just gone by, or to be written on the morrow that is close at hand, or a thousand ages hence—might serve as a specimen of the whole.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

April 8th.

There is an influence in the light of morning that tends to rectify whatever errors of fancy, or even of judgment, we may have incurred during the sun's decline, or among the shadows of the night, or in the less wholesome glow of moonshine.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

April 9th.

Persons who have wandered, or been expelled, out of the common track of things, even were it for a better system, desire nothing so much as to be led back. They shiver in their loneliness, be it on a mountaintop or in a dungeon.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

April 10th.

A picture, however admirable the painter's art, and wonderful his power, requires of the spectator a surrender of himself, in due proportion with the miracle which has been wrought. Let the canvas glow as it may, you must look with the eye of faith, or its highest excellence es-

capacities you. There is always the necessity of helping out the painter's art with your own resources of sensibility and imagination. Not that these qualities shall really add anything to what the master has effected; but they must be put so entirely under his control, and work along with him to such an extent, that, in a different mood, when you are cold and critical, instead of sympathetic, you will be apt to fancy that the loftier merits of the picture were of your own dreaming, not of his creating.

—*The Marble Faun.*

April 11th.

The afternoon being far declined, the sunshine was almost pensive, and the shade almost cheerful, glory and

gloom were mingled in the placid light; as if the spirits of the Day and Evening had met in friendship under those trees, and found themselves akin.

—*Twice Told Tales.*

April 12th.

How often is it the case, that, when impossibilities have come to pass, and dreams have condensed their misty substance into tangible realities, we find ourselves calm, and even coldly self-possessed, amid circumstances which it would have been a delirium of joy or agony to anticipate! Fate delights to thwart us thus. Passion will choose his own time to rush upon the scene, and lingers sluggishly behind, when an appropriate adjust-

ment of events would seem to summon his appearance.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

April 13th.

Man's own youth is the world's youth; at least, he feels as if it were, and imagines that the earth's granite substance is something not yet hardened, and which he can mold into whatever shape he likes.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

April 14th.

If you look closely into the matter it will be seen that whatever appears most vagrant, and utterly purposeless, turns out, in the end, to have been impelled the most surely on a preordained and unswerving track.

Chance and change love to deal with men's settled plans, not with their idle vagaries. If we desire unexpected and unimaginable events, we should contrive an iron framework, such as we fancy may compel the future to take one inevitable shape; then comes in the unexpected, and shatters our design in fragments.

—*The Marble Faun.*

April 15th.

These nearer heaps of fleecy vapor—methinks I could roll and toss upon them the whole day long!—seem scattered here and there for the repose of tired pilgrims through the sky. Perhaps—for who can tell?—beautiful spirits are disporting themselves there, and will bless my mortal

eye with the brief appearance of their curly locks of golden light, and laughing faces, fair and faint as the people of a rosy dream.

—*Twice Told Tales.*

April 16th.

Strange, that the finer and deeper nature, whether in man or woman, while possessed of every other delicate instinct, should so often lack that most invaluable one, of preserving itself from contamination with what is of a baser kind!

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

April 17th.

Grief is such a leveller, with its own dignity and its own humility, that the noble and the peasant, the beggar and

the monarch, will waive their pretensions to external rank, without the officiousness of interference on our part. If pride—the influence of the world's false distinctions—remain in the heart, then sorrow lacks the earnestness which makes it holy and reverend. It loses its reality, and becomes a miserable shadow.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

April 18th.

It is a great mistake to try to put our best thoughts into human language. When we ascend into the higher regions of emotion and spiritual enjoyment, they are only expressible by such grand hieroglyphics as these around us.

—*The Marble Faun.*

April 19th.

It makes me melancholy to see how like fools some very sensible people act, in the matter of choosing wives. They perplex their judgments by a most undue attention to little niceties of personal appearance, habits, disposition, and other trifles, which concern nobody but the lady herself. An unhappy gentleman, resolving to wed nothing short of perfection, keeps his heart and hand till both get so old and withered, that no tolerable woman will accept them. Now, this is the very height of absurdity. A kind Providence has so skillfully adapted sex to sex, and the mass of individuals to each other, that, with certain obvious exceptions, any male and female may be moderately happy in the mar-

ried state. The true rule is, to ascertain that the match is fundamentally a good one, and then to take it for granted that all minor objections, should there be such, will vanish, if you let them alone.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

April 20th.

Moonlight, and the sentiment in man's heart responsive to it, are the greatest renovators and reformers. And all other reform and renovation, I suppose, will prove to be no better than moonshine.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

April 21st.

It is remarkable, that persons who speculate the most boldly often con-

form with the most perfect quietude to the external regulations of society. The thought suffices them, without investing itself in the flesh and blood of action.

—*The Scarlet Letter.*

April 22d.

The step of time stole onward, and soon brought merry Christmas round again, with glad and solemn worship in the churches, and sports, games, festivals, and everywhere the bright face of Joy beside the household fire.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

April 23d.

There is something truer and more real, than what we can see with the eyes, and touch with the finger.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

April 24th.

Come! another log upon the hearth. True, our little parlor is comfortable, especially here where the old man sits in his old armchair; but on Thanksgiving night the blaze should dance higher up the chimney and send a shower of sparks into the outer darkness. Toss on an armful of those dry oak chips, the last relics of the "Mermaid's" knee-timbers—the bones of your namesake, Susan. Higher yet, and clearer, be the blaze, till our cottage windows glow the rudest in the village, and the light of our household mirth flash far across the bay to Nahant.

—*The Village Uncle.*

April 25th.

How it strengthens the poor human spirit in its reliance on His providence, to ascend but this little way above the common level, and so attain a somewhat wider glimpse of His dealings with mankind! He doeth all things right! His will be done!

—*The Marble Faun.*

April 26th.

Our first youth is of no value; for we are never conscious of it, until after it is gone. But sometimes—always, I suspect, unless one is exceedingly unfortunate—there comes a sense of second youth, gushing out of the heart's joy at being in love; or, possibly, it may come to crown

some other grand festival in life, if any other such there be.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

April 27th.

All persons, chronically diseased, are egotists, whether the disease be of the mind or body; whether sin, sorrow, or merely the more tolerable calamity of some endless pain, or mischief among the cords of mortal life. Such individuals are made acutely conscious of a self, by the torture in which it dwells. Self, therefore, grows to be so prominent an object with them, that they cannot but present it to the face of every casual passer-by.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

April 28th.

Only put yourself beyond hazard, as to the real basis of matrimonial bliss, and it is scarcely to be imagined what miracles, in the way of reconciling smaller incongruities, connubial love will effect.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

April 29th.

After all, what a good world we live in! How good and beautiful! How young it is, too, with nothing really rotten or age-worn in it.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

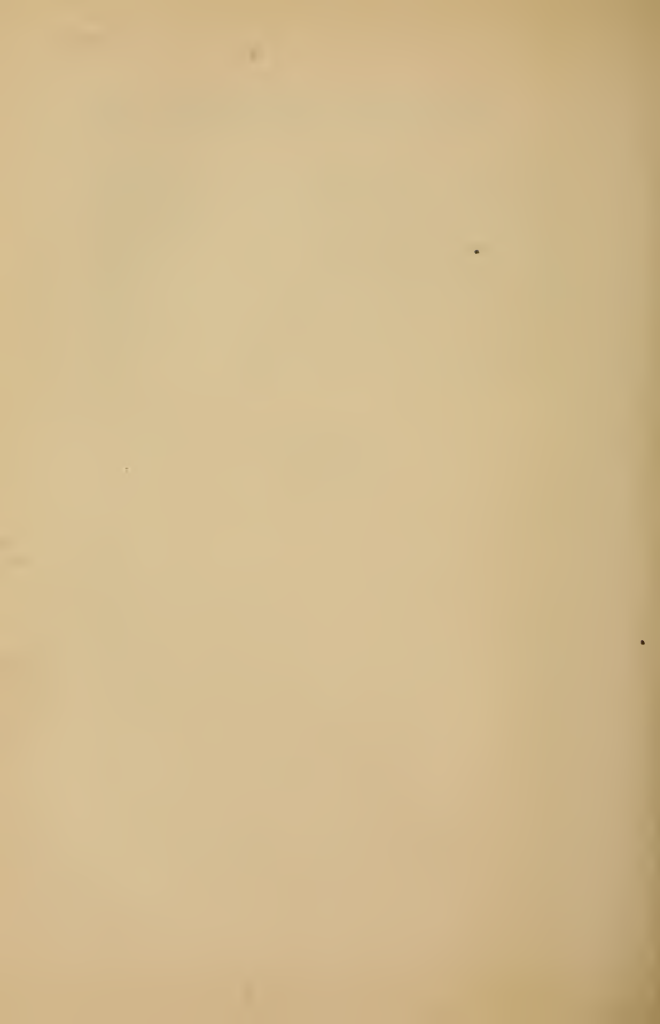
April 30th.

To choose another figure, it is sad that hearts which have their well-

spring in the infinite, and contain inexhaustible sympathies, should ever be doomed to pour themselves into shallow vessels, and thus lavish their rich affections on the ground.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

MAY



May 1st.

The sculptor, habitually drawing many of the images and illustrations of his thoughts from the plastic art, fancied that the scene represented the process of the Creator, when He held the new, imperfect earth in His hand, and modeled it.

“What a magic is in mist and vapor among the mountains!” he exclaimed. “With their help, one single scene becomes a thousand. The cloud scenery gives such variety to a hilly landscape that it would be worth while to journalize its aspect from hour to hour. A cloud, however—as I have myself experienced—is apt to grow solid and as heavy as a stone

the instant that you take in hand to describe it. But, in my own heart, I have found great use in clouds. Such silvery ones as those to the northward, for example, have often suggested sculpturesque groups, figures, and attitudes; they are especially rich in attitudes of living repose, which a sculptor only hits upon by the rarest good fortune."

—*The Marble Faun.*

May 2d.

Oh, that I could soar up into the very zenith, where man never breathed nor eagle ever flew, and where the ethereal azure melts away from the eye and appears only a deepened shade of nothingness!

—*Twice Told Tales.*

May 3d.

There is at least this good in a life of toil, that it takes the nonsense and fancy work out of a man, and leaves nothing but what truly belongs to him. If a farmer can make poetry at the plow-tail, it must be because his nature insists on it; and if that be the case, let him make it, in Heaven's name!

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

May 4th.

For it is thus, that with only an inconsiderable change, the gladdest objects and existences become the saddest; hope fading into disappointment; joy darkening into grief, and festal splendor into funereal dusk-

iness; and all evolving, as their moral, a grim identity between gay things and sorrowful ones. Only give them a little time, and they turn out to be just alike!

—*The Marble Faun.*

May 5th.

But the black, lowering sky, as I turned my eyes upward, wore, doubtless, the same visage as when it frowned upon the ante-Revolutionary New Englanders. The wintry blast had the same shriek that was familiar to their ears. The Old South church, too, still pointed its antique spire into the darkness and was lost between earth and Heaven, and as I passed, its clock, which had warned so many generations how transitory

was their lifetime, spoke heavily and slowly the same unregarded moral to myself.

—*Edward Randolph's Portrait.*

May 6th.

Sweet has been the charm of childhood on my spirit throughout my ramble with little Annie! Say not that it has been a waste of precious moments, an idle matter, a babble of childish talk, and a reverie of childish imaginations, about topics unworthy of a grown man's notice.

—*Twice Told Tales.*

May 7th.

The trees were not yet in full leaf, but had budded forth sufficiently to throw an airy shadow, while the sun-

shine filled them with green light. There were moss-grown rocks half-hidden among the old brown fallen leaves; there were rotten tree trunks lying at full length where they had long ago fallen; there were decayed boughs that had been shaken down by the wintry gales and were scattered everywhere about. But still, though these things looked so aged, the aspect of the wood was that of the newest life, for, whichever way you turned your eyes, something fresh and green was springing forth, so as to be ready for the summer.

—*A Wonder Book.*

May 8th.

Nothing can be more picturesque than an old grapevine, with almost a

trunk of its own, clinging fast around its supporting tree. Nor does the picture lack its moral. You might twist it to more than one grave purpose, as you saw how the knotted serpentine growth imprisoned within its strong embrace the friend that had supported its tender infancy; and how (as seemingly flexible natures are prone to do) it converted the sturdier tree entirely to its own selfish ends, extending its innumerable arms on every bough, and permitting hardly a leaf to sprout except its own.

—*The Marble Faun.*

May 9th.

Oh, how stubbornly does love—or even that cunning semblance of love which flourishes in the imagination,

but strikes no depth of root into the heart—how stubbornly does it hold its faith, until the moment come, when it is doomed to vanish into thin mist!

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

May 10th.

Giovanni knew not what to dread; still less did he know what to hope; yet hope and dread kept a continual warfare in his breast, alternately vanquishing one another and starting up afresh to renew the contest. Blessed are all simple emotions, be they dark or bright! It is the lurid intermixture of the two that produces the illuminating blaze of the infernal regions.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

May 11th.

Only this is such an odd and incomprehensible world. The more I look at it, the more it puzzles me, and I begin to suspect that a man's bewilderment is the measure of his wisdom. Men and women, and children, too, are such strange creatures, that one never can be certain that he really knows them; nor ever guess what they have been, from what he sees them to be now.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

May 12th.

But stay! A little speck of azure has widened in the western heavens; the sunbeams find a passage, and go rejoicing through the tempest; and on

yonder darkest cloud, born, like hallowed hopes, of the glory of another world, and the trouble and tears of this, brightens forth the Rainbow!

—*Twice Told Tales.*

May 13th.

And, after all, the idea may have been no dream, but rather a poet's reminiscence of a period when man's affinity with nature was more strict, and his fellowship with every living thing more intimate and dear.

—*The Marble Faun.*

May 14th.

So far as my experience goes, men of genius are fairly gifted with the social qualities; and in this age, there appears to be a fellow-feeling among

them, which had not heretofore been developed. As men, they ask nothing better than to be on equal terms with their fellow men; and as authors, they have thrown aside their proverbial jealousy, and acknowledge a generous brotherhood.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

May 15th.

Most men—and certainly I could not always claim to be one of the exceptions—have a natural indifference, if not an absolutely hostile feeling, toward those whom disease, or weakness, or calamity of any kind, causes to falter and faint amid the rude jostle of our selfish existence. The education of Christianity, it is true, the sympathy of a like experience, and

the example of women, may soften, and, possibly, subvert, this ugly characteristic of our sex; but it is originally there, and has likewise its analogy in the practice of our brute brethren, who hunt the sick or disabled member of the herd from among them, as an enemy. It is for this reason that the stricken deer goes apart, and the sick lion grimly withdraws himself into his den. Except in love, or the attachments of kindred, or other very long and habitual affection, we really have no tenderness.

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

May 16th.

Morally, as well as materially, there was a coarser fiber in those wives and maidens of old English birth and

breeding, than in their fair descendants, separated from them by a series of six or seven generations; for, throughout that chain of ancestry, every successive mother has transmitted to her child a fainter bloom, a more delicate and briefer beauty, and a slighter physical frame, if not a character of less force and solidity, than her own.

—*The Scarlet Letter.*

May 17th.

Now, the chair in which Grandfather sat was made of oak, which had grown dark with age, but had been rubbed and polished till it shone as bright as mahogany. It was very large and heavy, and had a back that rose high above Grandfather's white

head. This back was curiously carved in open work, so as to represent flowers, and foliage, and other devices, which the children had often gazed at, but could never understand what they meant. On the very tip-top of the chair, over the head of Grandfather himself, was a likeness of a lion's head, which had such a savage grin that you would almost expect to hear it growl and snarl.

—*Grandfather's Chair.*

May 18th.

Methinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics, when women of high thoughts and accomplishments love to sew; especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than while so occupied.

—*The Marble Faun.*

May 19th.

Nature would measure time by the succession of thoughts and acts which constitute real life, and not by hours of emptiness.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

May 20th.

Life figures itself to me as a festal or funereal procession. All of us have our places, and are to move onward under the direction of the Chief Marshal. The grand difficulty results from the invariably mistaken principles on which the deputy marshals seek to arrange this immense concourse of people, so much more numerous than those that train their

interminable length through streets and highways in times of political excitement.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

May 21st.

Every morning and evening the Lady Arbella gave up her great chair to one of the ministers, who took his place in it and read passages from the Bible to his companions. And thus, with prayers, and pious conversation, and frequent singing of hymns, which the breezes caught from their lips and scattered far over the desolate waves, they prosecuted their voyage, and sailed into the harbor of Salem in the month of June.

—*Grandfather's Chair.*

May 22d.

It was no great distance, in those days, from the prison-door to the market-place. Measured by the prisoner's experience, however, it might be reckoned a journey of some length; for, haughty as her demeanor was, she perchance underwent an agony from every footstep of those that thronged to see her, as if her heart had been flung into the street for them all to spurn and trample upon. In our nature, however, there is a provision, alike marvelous and merciful that the sufferer should never know the intensity of what he endures by its present torture, but chiefly by the pang that rankles after it.

—*The Scarlet Letter.*

May 23d.

It is not at all times that one can gain admittance into this edifice; although most persons enter it at some period or other of their lives—if not in their waking moments, then by the universal passport of a dream.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

May 24th.

Of all the events which constitute a person's biography, there is scarcely one—none, certainly of anything like a similar importance—to which the world so easily reconciles itself as to his death. In most other cases and contingencies, the individual is present among us, mixed up with the daily revolution of affairs, and affording a

definite point for observation. At his decease there is only a vacancy and a momentary eddy—very small, as compared with the apparent magnitude of the ingurgitated object—and a bubble or two, ascending out of the black depth and bursting at the surface.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

May 25th.

Nature, in beast, fowl, and tree, and earth, flood, and sky, is what it was of old; but sin, care, and self-consciousness have set the human portion of the world askew; and thus the simplest character is ever the soonest to go astray.

—*The Marble Faun.*

May 26th.

Oh, friend, canst thou not hear and answer me? Break down the barrier between us! Grasp my hand! Speak! Listen! A few words, perhaps, might satisfy the feverish yearning of my soul for some master thought, that should guide me through this labyrinth of life, teaching wherefore I was born, and how to do my task on earth, and what is death. Alas! Even that unreal image should forget to ape me, and smile at these vain questions. Thus do mortals deify, as it were, a mere shadow of themselves, a specter of human reason, and ask of that to unveil the mysteries, which Divine Intelligence has revealed so far as

needful to our guidance, and hid the rest.

Farewell, Monsieur du Miroir. Of you, perhaps, as of many men, it may be doubted whether you are the wiser, though your whole business is Reflection.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

May 27th.

Is there not a deep moral in the tale? Could the result of one or all our deeds be shadowed forth and set before us—some would call it Fate, and hurry onward—others be swept along by their passionate desires—and none be turned aside by the Prophetic Pictures.

—*Twice Told Tales.*

May 28th.

It takes down the solitary pride of man, beyond most other things, to find the impracticability of flinging aside affections that have grown irksome. The bands that were silken once are apt to become iron fetters when we desire to shake them off. Our souls, after all, are not our own. We convey a property in them to those with whom we associate; but to what extent can never be known, until we feel the tug, the agony, of our abortive effort to resume an exclusive sway over ourselves.

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

May 29th.

The fields and wood-paths have as yet few charms to entice the wanderer.

In a walk, the other day, I found no violets, nor anemones, nor anything in the likeness of a flower. It was worth while, however, to ascend our opposite hill, for the sake of gaining a general idea of the advance of spring, which I had hitherto been studying in its minute developments.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

May 30th.

We do ourselves wrong, and too meanly estimate the Holiness above us, when we deem that any act or enjoyment, good in itself, is not good to do religiously.

—*The Marble Faun.*

May 31st.

Strength is incomprehensible by weakness, and, therefore, the more terrible. There is no greater bugbear than a strong-willed relative in the circle of his own connections.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

JUNE

June 1st.

Sometimes, it is true, the spiritual fountain is kept pure by a wisdom within itself, and sparkles into the light of Heaven, without a stain from the earthly strata through which it had gushed upward. And sometimes, even here on earth, the pure mingles with pure, and the inexhaustible is recompensed with the infinite.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

June 2d.

Methinks, for a person whose instinct bids him rather to pore over the current of life than to plunge into its tumultuous waves, no undesirable re-

treat were a toll-house beside some thronged thoroughfare of the land.

—*Twice Told Tales.*

June 3d.

There is hardly a more difficult exercise of fancy than, while gazing at a figure of melancholy age, to recreate its youth, and, without entirely obliterating the identity of form and features, to restore those graces which Time has snatched away. Some old people—especially women—so age-worn and woeful are they, seem never to have been young and gay. It is easier to conceive that such gloomy phantoms were sent into the world as withered and decrepit as we behold them now, with sympathies only for pain and grief, to watch at death-

beds and weep at funerals. Even the sable garments of their widowhood appear essential to their existence; all their attributes combine to render them darksome shadows creeping strangely amid the sunshine of human life. Yet it is no unprofitable task to take one of these doleful creatures and set Fancy resolutely at work to brighten the dim eye, and darken the silvery locks, and paint the ashen cheek with rose-color, and repair the shrunken and crazy form, till a dewy maiden shall be seen in the old matron's elbow-chair. The miracle being wrought, then let the years roll back again, each sadder than the last, and the whole weight of age and sorrow settle down upon the youthful figure. Wrinkles and furrows, the handwriting of Time, may

thus be deciphered and found to contain deep lessons of thought and feeling.

—*Edward Fane's Rosebud.*

June 4th.

Life, within doors, has few pleasanter prospects than a neatly arranged and well-provisioned breakfast-table. We come to it freshly, in the dewy youth of the day, and when our spiritual and sensual elements are in better accord than at a later period; so that the material delights of the morning meal are capable of being fully enjoyed, without any very grievous reproaches, whether gastric or conscientious, for yielding even a trifle overmuch to the animal department of our nature.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

June 5th.

Old associations cling to the mind with astonishing tenacity. Daily custom grows up about us like a stone wall, and consolidates itself into almost as material an entity as mankind's strongest architecture. It is sometimes a serious question with me, whether ideas be not really visible and tangible, and endowed with all the other qualities of matter.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

June 6th.

But there is a wisdom that looks grave, and sneers at merriment; and again a deeper wisdom, that stoops to be gay as often as occasion serves, and oftenest avails itself of shallow

and trifling grounds of mirth; because, if we wait for more substantial ones, we seldom can be gay at all.

—*The Marble Faun.*

June 7th.

Of all bird-voices, none are more sweet and cheerful to my ear than those of swallows, in the dim, sun-streaked interior of a lofty barn; they address the heart with even a closer sympathy than Robin Redbreast. But, indeed, all these winged people, that dwell in the vicinity of homesteads, seem to partake of human nature, and possess the germ, if not the development, of immortal souls. We hear them saying their melodious prayers, at morning's blush and eventide.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

June 8th.

There is, I believe, only one right and one wrong; and I do not understand, and may God keep me from ever understanding, how two things so totally unlike can be mistaken for one another; nor how two mortal foes, as Right and Wrong surely are, can work together in the same deed.

—*The Marble Faun.*

June 9th.

Through the dim length of the apartment, where crimson curtains muffled the glare of sunshine and created a rich obscurity, the three guests drew near the silver-haired old man. Memory, with a finger between the leaves of her huge volume, placed

herself at his right hand. Conscience, with her face still hidden in the dusky mantle, took her station on the left, so as to be next his heart; while Fancy set down her picture-box upon the table, with the magnifying glass convenient to his eye.

—*Twice Told Tales.*

June 10th.

Thank Providence for Spring! The earth—and man himself, by sympathy with his birthplace—would be far other than we find them, if life toiled wearily onward, without this periodical infusion of the primal spirit. Will the world ever be so decayed, that Spring may not renew its greenness? Can man be so dismally age-stricken, that no faintest sunshine

of his youth may revisit him once a year? It is impossible.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

June 11th.

Phœbe, it is probable, had but a very imperfect comprehension of the character over which she had thrown so beneficent a spell. Nor was it necessary. The fire upon the hearth can gladden a whole semi-circle of faces around about it, but need not know the individuality of one among them all.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

June 12th.

Decency, and external conscience, often produce a far fairer outside, than is warranted by the stains within.

And be it owned, on the other hand, that a man seldom repeats to his nearest friend, any more than he realizes in act, the purest wishes, which, at some blessed time or other, have arisen from the depths of his nature.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

June 13th.

Man must not disclaim his brotherhood, even with the guiltiest, since, though his hand be clean, his heart has surely been polluted by the flitting phantoms of iniquity. He must feel that when he shall knock at the gate of Heaven, no semblance of an unspotted life can entitle him to entrance there. Penitence must kneel, and Mercy come from the footstool of

the throne, or that golden gate will never open!

—*Twice Told Tales.*

June 14th.

You look through a vista of century beyond century—through much shadow, and a little sunshine—through barbarism and civilization, alternating with one another, like actors that have pre-arranged their parts—through a broad pathway of progressive generations bordered by palaces and temples, and bestridden by old, triumphal arches, until, in the distance, you behold the obelisks, with their unintelligible inscriptions, hinting at a past infinitely more remote than history can define. Your own life is as nothing, when compared

with that immeasurable distance; but still you demand, none the less earnestly, a gleam of sunshine, instead of a speck of shadow, on the step or two that will bring you to your quiet rest.

—*The Marble Faun.*

June 15th.

Alas, for the worn and heavy soul, if, whether in youth or age, it has outlived its privilege of spring-time sprightliness! From such a soul, the world must hope no reformation of its evil—no sympathy with the lofty faith and gallant struggles of those who contend in its behalf. Summer works in the present, and thinks not of the future; Autumn is a rich conservative; Winter has utterly lost its faith, and clings tremulously to the

remembrance of what has been; but Spring, with its outgushing life, is the true type of the Movement!

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

June 16th.

It is often instructive to take the woman's, the private and domestic view of a public man; nor can anything be more curious than the vast discrepancy between portraits intended for engraving, and the pencil-sketches that pass from hand to hand behind the original's back.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

June 17th.

And be the stern and sad truth spoken, that the breach which guilt has once made into the human soul is

never, in this mortal state, repaired. It may be watched and guarded; so that the enemy shall not force his way again into the citadel, and might even, in his subsequent assaults, select some other avenue, in preference to that where he had formerly succeeded. But there is still the ruined wall, and, near it, the stealthy tread of the foe that would win over again his forgotten triumph.

—*The Scarlet Letter.*

June 18th.

There is a kind of ludicrous unfitness in the idea of a time-stricken and grandfatherly lilac-bush. The analogy holds good in human life. Persons who can only be graceful and ornamental—who can give the world

nothing but flowers—should die young, and never be seen with gray hair and wrinkles, any more than the flower shrubs with mossy bark and blighted foliage, like the lilacs under my window.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

June 19th.

What an instrument is the human voice! How wonderfully responsive to every emotion of the human soul!

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

June 20th.

The years, after all, have a kind of emptiness, when we spend too many of them on a foreign shore. We defer the reality of life, in such cases,

until a future moment, when we shall again breathe our native air; but, by and by, there are no future moments; or, if we do return, we find that the native air has lost its invigorating quality, and that life has shifted its reality to the spot where we have deemed ourselves only temporary residents. Thus, between two countries, we have none at all, or only that little space of either, in which we finally lay down our discontented bones. It is wise, therefore, to come back betimes, or never.

—*The Marble Faun.*

June 21st.

She had flung it into infinite space!
—she had drawn an hour's free
breath!—and here again was the

scarlet misery, glittering on the old spot! So it ever is, whether thus typified or no, that an evil deed invests itself with the character of doom.

—*The Scarlet Letter.*

June 22d.

Is not Nature better than a book? —is not the human heart deeper than any system of philosophy?—is not life replete with more instruction than past observers have found it possible to write down in maxims? Be of good cheer! The great book of Time is still spread wide open before us; and, if we read it aright, it will be to us a volume of eternal Truth.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

June 23d.

Old age is not venerable, when it embodies itself in lilacs, rose bushes, or any other ornamental shrubs; it seems as if such plants, as they grow only for beauty, ought to flourish only in immortal youth, or, at least, to die before their sad decrepitude.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

June 24th.

My spirit wanders forth afar, but finds no resting place and comes shivering back. It is time that I were hence. But grudge me not the day that has been spent in seclusion which yet was not solitude, since the great sea has been my companion, and the little sea birds my friends, and the

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wind has told me his secrets, and airy shapes have flitted around me in my hermitage. Such companionship works an effect upon a man's character as if he had been admitted to the society of creatures that are not mortal. And when at noontide I tread the crowded streets, the influence of this day will still be felt; so that I shall walk among men kindly and as a brother, with affection and sympathy, but yet shall not melt into the indistinguishable mass of humankind. I shall think my own thoughts and feel my own emotions and possess my individuality unviolated.

—*Footprints on the Seashore.*

June 25th.

Sweet must have been the spring-time of Eden, when no earlier year

had strewn its decay upon the virgin turf, and no former experience had ripened into summer, and faded into autumn, in the hearts of its inhabitants! That was a world worth living in! Oh, thou murmurer, it is out of the very wantonness of such a life, that thou feignest these idle lamentations! There is no decay. Each human soul is the first created inhabitant of its own Eden.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

June 26th.

There is a wonderful insight in Heaven's broad and simple sunshine. While we give it credit only for depicting the merest surface, it actually brings out the secret character with a truth that no painter would

ever venture upon, even could he detect it.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

June 27th.

It may be, however—O, transporting and triumphant thought!—that the great-grandchildren of the present race may sometimes think kindly of the scribbler of bygone days, when the antiquary of days to come, among the sites memorable in the town's history, shall point out the locality of The Town Pump!

—*The Custom House.*

June 28th.

No author, without a trial, can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where

there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land. It will be very long, I trust, before romance writers may find congenial and easily handled themes, either in the annals of our stalwart republic, or in any characteristic and probable events of our individual lives. Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers need ruin to make them grow.

—*The Marble Faun.*

June 29th.

No man, for any considerable period, can wear one face to himself, and another to the multitude, without

finally getting bewildered as to which may be the true.

—*The Scarlet Letter.*

June 30th.

What needs an earthly roof between the Deity and his worshipers? Our faith can well afford to lose all the drapery that even the holiest men have thrown around it, and be only the more sublime in its simplicity.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

JULY

July 1st.

It being her first day of complete estrangement from rural objects, Phœbe found an unexpected charm in this little nook of grass, and foliage, and aristocratic flowers, and plebeian vegetables. The eye of Heaven seemed to look down into it pleasantly, and with a peculiar smile, as if glad to perceive that nature, elsewhere overwhelmed, and driven out of the dusty town, had here been able to retain a breathing place.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

July 2d.

At this autumnal season the precipice is decked with variegated splen-

dor. Trailing wreaths of scarlet flaunt from the summit downward; tufts of yellow-flowering shrubs and rose bushes, with their reddened leaves and glossy seedberries, sprout from each crevice; at every glance I detect some new light or shade of beauty, all contrasting with the stern gray rock. A rill of water trickles down the cliffs and fills a little cistern near the base. I drain it at a draught, and find it fresh and pure. This recess shall be my dining-hall. And what the feast? A few biscuits made savory by soaking them in sea-water, a tuft of samphire gathered from the beach, and an apple for the dessert. By this time the little rill has filled its reservoir again, and as I quaff it I thank God more heartily than for a civic banquet that He gives me the

healthful appetite to make a feast of bread and water.

—*Footprints on the Seashore.*

July 3d.

Apple trees, on the other hand, grow old without reproach. Let them live as long as they may, and contort themselves into whatever perversity of shape they please, and deck their withered limbs with a springtime gaudiness of pink-blossoms, still they are respectable, even if they afford us only an apple or two in a season. Those few apples—or, at all events, the remembrance of apples in by-gone years—are the atonement which utilitarianism inexorably demands, for the privilege of lengthened life.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

July 4th.

But, after all, the most fascinating employment is simply to write your name in the sand. Draw the letters gigantic, so that two strides may barely measure them, and three for the long strokes; cut deep, that the record may be permanent. Statesmen and warriors and poets have spent their strength in no better cause than this. Is it accomplished? Return, then, in an hour or two, and seek for this mighty record of a name. The sea will have swept over it, even as time rolls its effacing waves over the names of statesmen and warriors and poets. Hark! the surf-waves laugh at you.

—*Footprints on the Seashore.*

July 5th.

Among the delights of Spring, how is it possible to forget the birds! Even the crows were welcome, as the sable harbingers of a brighter and livelier race. They visited us before the snow was off, but seem mostly to have betaken themselves to remote depths of the woods, which they haunt all summer long. Many a time shall I disturb them there, and feel as if I had intruded among a company of silent worshipers, as they sit in Sabbath-stillness among the tree tops.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

July 6th.

There was a spiritual quality in Phœbe's activity. The life of the

long and busy day—spent in occupations that might so easily have taken a squalid and ugly aspect—had been made pleasant, and even lovely, by the spontaneous grace with which these homely duties seemed to bloom out of her character; so that labor, while she dealt with it, had the easy and flexible charm of play. Angels do not toil, but let their good works grow out of them; and so did Phœbe.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

July 7th.

One of the first things that strikes the attention, when the white sheet of winter is withdrawn, is the neglect and disarray that lay hidden beneath it. Nature is not cleanly, according to our prejudices.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

July 8th.

How sad a truth—if true it were—that Man's age-long endeavor for perfection had served only to render him the mockery of the Evil Principle, from the fatal circumstance of an error at the very root of the matter! The heart—the heart—there was the little yet boundless sphere, wherein existed the original wrong, of which the crime and misery of this outward world were merely types. Purify that inward sphere; and the many shapes of evil that haunt the outward, and which now seem almost our only realities, will turn to shadowy phantoms, and vanish of their own accord. But if we go no deeper than the Intellect, and strive, with merely that feeble instrument, to discern and rec-

tify what is wrong, our whole accomplishment will be a dream.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

July 9th.

Standing in this Hall of Fantasy, we perceive what even the earth-clogged intellect of man can do, in creating circumstances which, though we call them shadowy and visionary, are scarcely more so than those that surround us in actual life. Doubt not, then, that man's disembodied spirit may recreate Time and the World for itself, with all their peculiar enjoyments, should there still be human yearnings amid life eternal and infinite.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

July 10th.

A crow, however, has no real pretensions to religion, in spite of his gravity of mien and black attire; he is certainly a thief, and probably an infidel. The gulls are far more respectable, in a moral point of view. These denizens of sea-beaten rocks, and haunters of the lonely beach, come up our inland river, at this season, and soar high overhead, flapping their broad wings in the upper sunshine. They are among the most picturesque of birds, because they so float and rest upon the air, as to become almost stationary parts of the landscape. The imagination has time to grow acquainted with them; they have not flitted away in a moment.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

July 11th.

Whatever she did, too, was done without conscious effort, and with frequent outbreaks of song, which were exceedingly pleasant to the ear. This natural tunefulness made Phœbe seem like a bird in a shadowy tree, or conveyed the idea that the stream of life warbled through her heart as a brook sometimes warbles through a pleasant little dell. It betokened the cheeriness of an active temperament, finding joy in its activity, and therefore, rendering it beautiful.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

July 12th.

The moment when a man's head drops off is seldom or never, I am in-

clined to think, precisely the most agreeable of his life. Nevertheless, like the greater part of our misfortunes, even so serious a contingency brings its remedy and consolation with it, if the sufferers will but make the best, rather than the worst, of the accident which has befallen him. In my particular case, the consolatory topics were close at hand, and indeed, had suggested themselves to my meditations a considerable time before it was requisite to use them. In view of my previous weariness of office, and vague thoughts of resignation, my fortune somewhat resembled that of a person who should entertain an idea of committing suicide, and, although beyond his hopes, meet with the good hap to be murdered.

—*The Custom House.*

July 13th.

Among many morals which press upon us from the poor minister's miserable experience, we put only this into a sentence: "Be true! Be true! Be true! Show freely to the world, if not your worst, yet some trait whereby the worst may be inferred!"

—*The Scarlet Letter.*

July 14th.

Not that beauty is worthy of less than immortality—no, the beautiful should live forever—and thence, perhaps, the sense of impropriety, when we see it triumphed over by time.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

July 15th.

But still the good old sculptor murmured, and stumbled, as it were, over

the gravestones amid which he had walked through life. Whether he were right or wrong, I had grown the wiser from our companionship and from my observations of nature and character as displayed by those who came, with their old griefs or their new ones, to get them recorded upon his slabs of marble. And yet with my gain of wisdom I had likewise gained perplexity; for there was a strange doubt in my mind whether the dark shadowing of this life, the sorrows and regrets, have not as much real comfort in them—leaving religious influences out of the question—as what we term life's joys.

—*Chippings With a Chisel.*

July 16th.

The smaller birds—the little songsters of the woods, and those that haunt man's dwellings, and claim human friendship by building their nests under the sheltering eaves, or among the orchard trees—these require a touch more delicate, and a gentler heart than mine, to do them justice. Their outburst of melody is like a brook let loose from wintry chains. We need not deem it a too high and solemn word, to call it a hymn of praise to the Creator; since Nature, who pictures the reviving year in so many sights of beauty, has expressed the sentiment of renewed life in no other sound, save the notes of these blessed birds.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

July 17th.

It is a curious subject of observation and inquiry, whether hatred and love be not the same thing at bottom. Each, in its utmost development, supposes a high degree of intimacy and heart-knowledge; each renders one individual dependent for the food of his affections and spiritual life upon another; each leaves the passionate lover, or the no less passionate hater, forlorn and desolate by the withdrawal of his subject. Philosophically considered, therefore, the two passions seem essentially the same, except that one happens to be seen in a celestial radiance, and the other in a dusky and lurid glow.

—*The Scarlet Letter.*

July 18th.

Little Phœbe was one of those persons who possess, as their exclusive patrimony, the gift of practical arrangement. It is a kind of natural magic that enables these favored ones to bring out the hidden capabilities of things around them; and particularly to give a look of comfort and habitableness to any place which, for however brief a period, may happen to be their home. A wild hut of underbrush, tossed together by wayfarers through the primitive forest, would acquire the home aspect by one night's lodging of such a woman, and would retain it long after her quiet figure had disappeared into the surrounding shade.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

July 19th.

The truth seems to be, however, that, when he casts his leaves forth upon the wind, the author addresses, not the many who will fling aside his volume, or never take it up, but the few who will understand him, better than most of his schoolmates or lifemates. Some authors, indeed, do far more than this, and indulge themselves in such confidential depths of revelation as could fittingly be addressed, only and exclusively, to the one heart and mind, of perfect sympathy, as if the printed book, thrown at large on the wide world, were certain to find out the divided segment of the writer's own nature, and complete his circle of existence by

bringing him into communion with it.

—*The Custom House.*

July 20th.

How gladly does the spirit leap forth and suddenly enlarge its sense of being to the full extent of the broad blue, sunny deep! A greeting and a homage to the sea! I descend over its margin and dip my hand into the wave that meets me, and bathe my brow. That far-resounding roar is Ocean's voice of welcome. His salt breath brings a blessing along with it.

—*Footprints on the Seashore.*

July 21st.

The blackbirds, three species of which consort together, are the noisi-

est of all our feathered citizens. Great companies of them—more than the famous “four-and-twenty” whom Mother Goose has immortalized—congregate in contiguous tree tops, and vociferate with all the clamor and confusion of a turbulent political meeting. Politics, certainly, must be the occasion of such tumultuous debates; but still—unlike all other politicians—they instill melody into their individual utterances, and produce harmony as a general effect.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

July 22d.

The morning light, however, soon stole into the aperture at the foot of the bed, betwixt those faded curtains. Finding the new guest there—with a

bloom on her cheeks like the morning's own, and a gentle stir of departing slumber in her limbs, as when an early breeze moves the foliage—the dawn kissed her brow. It was the caress which a dewy maiden—such as the Dawn is, immortally—gives to her sleeping sister partly from the impulse of irresistible fondness and partly as a pretty hint that it is time now to unclose her eyes.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

July 23d.

And now farewell, old friend! Little do you suspect that a student of human life has made your character the theme of more than one solitary and thoughtful hour. Many would say, that you have hardly in-

dividuality enough to be the object of your own self-love. How, then, can a stranger's eye detect anything in your mind and heart, to study and to wonder at? Yet could I read but a tithe of what is written there, it would be a volume of deeper and more comprehensive import than all that the wisest mortals have given to the world; for the soundless depths of the human soul, and of eternity, have an opening through your breast. God be praised, were it only for your sake, that the present shapes of human existence are not cast in iron, nor hewn in everlasting adamant, but molded of the vapors that vanish away while the essence flits upward to the infinite.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

July 24th.

How invariably, throughout all the forms of life, do we find these intermingled memorials of death! On the soil of thought, and in the garden of the heart, as well as in the sensual world, lie withered leaves; the ideas and feelings that we have done with. There is no wind strong enough to sweep them away; infinite space will not garner them from our sight. What mean they? Why may we not be permitted to live and enjoy, as if this were the first life, and our own the primal enjoyment, instead of treading always on these dry bones and moldering relics, from the aged accumulation of which springs all that now appears so young and new?

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

July 25th.

Put on a bright face for your customers, and smile pleasantly as you hand them what they ask for. A stale article, if you dip it in a good, warm, sunny smile, will go off better than a fresh one that you've scowled upon.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

July 26th.

It is dawn. The east puts on its immemorial blush, although no human eye is gazing at it; for all the phenomena of the natural world renew themselves, in spite of the solitude that now broods around the globe. There is still beauty of earth, sea, and sky, for beauty's sake. But soon

there are to be spectators. Just when the earliest sunshine gilds earth's mountain tops, two beings have come into life, not in such an Eden as bloomed to welcome our first parents, but in the heart of a modern city. They find themselves in existence, and gazing into one another's eyes. Their emotion is not astonishment; nor do they perplex themselves with efforts to discover what, and whence, and why they are. Each is satisfied to be, because the other exists likewise; and their first consciousness is of calm and mutual enjoyment, which seems not to have been the birth of that very moment, but prolonged from a past eternity.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

July 27th.

Externally, the jollity of aged men has much in common with the mirth of children; the intellect, any more than a deep sense of humor, has little to do with the matter; it is, with both, a gleam that plays upon the surface, and imparts a sunny and cheery aspect alike to the green branch, and gray, moldering trunk. In one case, however, it is real sunshine; in the other, it more resembles the phosphorescent glow of decaying wood.

—*The Custom House.*

July 28th.

Let not the reader argue from any of these evidences of iniquity that the times of the Puritans were more vic-

ious than our own, when as we pass along the very street of this sketch we discern no badge of infamy on man or woman. It was the policy of our ancestors to search out even the most secret sins and expose them to shame, without fear or favor, in the broadest light of the noonday sun. Were such the custom now, perchance we might find materials for a no less piquant sketch than the above.

—*Endicott and the Red Cross.*

July 29th.

We dwell in an old moss-covered mansion, and tread in the worn footprints of the past, and have a gray clergyman's ghost for our daily and nightly inmate; yet all these outward circumstances are made less than vis-

ionary, by the renewing power of the spirit. Should the spirit ever lose this power—should the withered leaves, and the rotten branches, and the moss-covered house, and the ghost of the gray past, ever become its realities, and the verdure and the freshness merely its faint dream—then let it pray to be released from earth. It will need the air of Heaven to revive its pristine energies.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

July 30th.

I took it in good part, at the hands of Providence, that I was thrown into a position so little akin to my past habits; and set myself seriously to gather from it whatever profit was to be had. After my fellowship of toil

and impracticable schemes with the dreamy brethren of Brook Farm; after living for three years within the subtle influence of an intellect like Emerson's; after those wild, free days on the Assabeth, indulging fantastic speculations, beside our fire of fallen boughs, with Ellery Channing; after talking with Thoreau about pine trees and Indian relics, in his hermitage at Walden; after growing fastidious by sympathy with the classic refinement of Hilliard's culture; after becoming imbued with poetic sentiment at Longfellow's hearthstone; it was time, at length, that I should exercise other faculties of my nature, and nourish myself with food for which I had hitherto had little appetite.

—*The Custom House.*

July 31st.

Each moment wins some portion of the earth from death to life; a sudden gleam of verdure brightens along the sunny slope of a bank, which, an instant ago, was brown and bare. You look again, and behold an apparition of green grass!

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

AUGUST

August 1st.

It is an old theme of satire, the falsehood and vanity of monumental eulogies; but when affection and sorrow grave the letters with their own painful labor, then we may be sure that they copy from the record on their hearts.

—*Chippings With a Chisel.*

August 2d.

As a general rule, Providence seldom vouchsafes to mortals any more than just that degree of encouragement which suffices to keep them at a reasonably full exertion of their powers.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

August 3d.

So long as we love life for itself, we seldom dread the losing it. When we desire life for the attainment of an object, we recognize the frailty of its texture. But, side by side with this sense of insecurity, there is a vital faith in our invulnerability to the shaft of death, while engaged in any task that seems assigned by Providence as our proper thing to do, and which the world would have cause to mourn for, should we leave it unaccomplished.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

August 4th.

Oh, how heavily passes the time while an adventurous youth is yearn-

ing to do his part in life and to gather in the harvest of his renown! How hard a lesson it is to wait! Our life is brief, and how much of it is spent in teaching us only this!

—*A Wonder Book.*

August 5th.

Nothing is more unaccountable than the spell that often lurks in a spoken word. A thought may be present to the mind, so distinctly that no utterance could make it more so; and two minds may be conscious of the same thought, in which one or both take the profoundest interest; but as long as it remains unspoken, their familiar talk flows quietly over the hidden idea, as a rivulet may sparkle and dimple over something sunken in

its bed. But, speak the word, and it is like bringing up a drowned body out of the deepest pool in the rivulet, which has been aware of the horrible secret all along, in spite of its smiling surface.

—*The Marble Faun.*

August 6th.

I doubt greatly—or, rather I do not doubt at all—whether any public functionary of the United States, either in the civil or military line, has ever had such a patriarchal body of veterans under his orders as myself. The whereabouts of the Oldest Inhabitant was at once settled when I looked at them. For upwards of twenty years before this epoch, the independent position of the collector

had kept the Salem Custom House out of the whirlpool of political vicissitude, which makes the tenure of office generally so fragile. A soldier—New England's most distinguished soldier—he stood firmly on the pedestal of his gallant services.

—*The Custom House.*

August 7th.

O glorious Art! Thou art the image of the Creator's own. The innumerable forms that wander in nothingness start into being at thy beck. The dead live again. Thou recallest them to their old scenes, and givest their gray shadows the luster of a better life, at once earthly and immortal. Thou snatchest back the fleeting moments of History. With thee there

is no Past; for, at thy touch, all that is great becomes forever present; and illustrious men live through long ages, in the visible performance of the very deeds which made them what they are.

—*Twice Told Tales.*

August 8th.

That cold tendency, between instinct and intellect, which made me pry with a speculative interest into people's passions and impulses, appeared to have gone far toward unhumanizing my heart.

But a man cannot always decide for himself whether his own heart is cold or warm.

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

August 9th.

The trees, in our orchard and elsewhere, are as yet naked, but already appear full of life and vegetable blood. It seems as if, by one magic touch, they might instantaneously burst into full foliage, and that the wind, which now sighs through their naked branches, might make sudden music amid innumerable leaves.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

August 10th.

If there be a faculty which I possess more perfectly than most men, it is that of throwing myself mentally into situations foreign to my own and detecting with a cheerful eye the desirable circumstances of each.

—*The Seven Vagabonds.*

August 11th.

These names of gentleman and lady had a meaning in the past history of the world, and conferred privileges, desirable or otherwise, on those entitled to bear them. In the present—and still more in the future condition of society—they imply, not privilege, but restriction.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

August 12th.

We, who are born into the world's artificial system, can never adequately know how little in our present state and circumstances is natural, and how much is merely the interpolation of the perverted mind and heart of man. Art has become a second and stronger

Nature; she is a stepmother, whose crafty tenderness has taught us to despise the bountiful and wholesome ministrations of our true parent.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

August 13th.

It contributes greatly toward a man's moral and intellectual health, to be brought into habits of companionship with individuals unlike himself, who care little for his pursuits, and whose sphere and abilities he must go out of himself to appreciate. The accidents of my life have often afforded me this advantage, but never with more fullness and variety than during my continuance in office.

—*The Custom House.*

August 14th.

Some tracts, in a happy exposure—as, for instance, yonder southwestern slope of an orchard, in front of that old red farm house, beyond the river—such patches of land already wear a beautiful and tender green, to which no future luxuriance can add a charm. It looks unreal—a prophecy—a hope—a transitory effect of some peculiar light, which will vanish with the slightest motion of the eye. But beauty is never a delusion; not these verdant tracts, but the dark and barren landscape, all around them, is a shadow and a dream.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

August 15th.

If ever you should doubt that man is capable of disinterested zeal for

his brother's good, then remember how the apostle Eliot toiled. And if you should feel your own self-interest pressing upon your heart too closely, then think of Eliot's Indian Bible. It is good for the world that such a man has lived and left this emblem of his life.

—*Grandfather's Chair.*

August 16th.

A simple and joyous character can find no place for itself among the sage and somber figures that would put his unsophisticated cheerfulness to shame. The entire system of man's affairs, as at present established, is built up purposely to exclude the careless and happy soul. The very children would upbraid the

wretched individual who should endeavor to take life and the world as—what we might naturally suppose them meant for—a place and opportunity for enjoyment.

—*The Marble Faun.*

August 17th.

It is really impossible to hide anything in this world, to say nothing of the next. All that we ought to ask, therefore, is, that the witnesses of our conduct, and the speculators on our motives, should be capable of taking the highest view which the circumstances of the case may admit. So much being secured, I, for one, would be most happy in feeling myself followed everywhere by an indefatigable human sympathy.

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

August 18th.

O potent Art! as thou bringest the faintly revealed Past to stand in that narrow strip of sunlight, which we call Now, canst thou summon the shrouded Future to meet her there?

—*Twice Told Tales.*

August 19th.

It is a truth (and it would be a very sad one but for the higher hopes which it suggests) that no great mistake, whether acted or endured, in our mortal sphere, is ever really set right. Time, the continual vicissitude of circumstances, and the invariable in-opportunity of death, render it impossible. If, after long lapse of

years, the right seems to be in our power, we find no niche to set it in.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

August 20th.

“ Oh, you are ungrateful to our Mother Earth! ” rejoined I. “ Come what may, I never will forget her! Neither will it satisfy me to have her exist merely in idea. I want her great, round, solid self to endure interminably, and still to be peopled with the kindly race of man, whom I uphold to be much better than he thinks himself. Nevertheless, I confide the whole matter to Providence and shall endeavor so to live, that the world may come to an end at any moment, without leaving me at a loss to find foothold somewhere else.”

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

August 21st.

While we live on earth, 'tis true, we must needs carry our skeletons about with us; but, for Heaven's sake, do not let us burden our spirits with them, in our feeble efforts to soar upward! Believe me, it will change the whole aspect of death, if you can once disconnect it, in your idea, with that corruption from which it disengages our higher part.

—*The Marble Faun.*

August 22d.

The idea of Death is in them, or not far off. But were they to choose a symbol for him, it would be a Butterfly soaring upward, or the bright Angel beckoning them aloft, or the

Child asleep with soft dreams visible
through her transparent purity.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

August 23d.

Sleeping or waking, we hear not the
fairy footsteps of the strange things
that almost happen. Does it not
argue a superintending Providence,
that, while viewless and unexpected
events thrust themselves continually
athwart our path, there should still
be regularity enough, in mortal life,
to render foresight even partially
available?

—*Twice Told Tales.*

August 24th.

Next to the lightest heart, the
heaviest is apt to be most playful.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

August 25th.

The public is despotic in its temper; it is capable of denying common justice, when too strenuously demanded as a right; but quite as frequently it awards more than justice, when the appeal is made, as despots love to have it made, entirely to its generosity.

—*The Scarlet Letter.*

August 26th.

Fixing our attention on such outside shows of similiarity or difference, we lose sight of those realities by which nature, fortune, fate, or Providence, has constituted for every man a brotherhood, wherein it is one great office of human wisdom to classify

him. When the mind has once accustomed itself to a proper arrangement of the Procession of Life, or a true classification of society, even though merely speculative, there is thenceforth a satisfaction which pretty well suffices for itself, without the aid of any actual reformation in the order of march.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

August 27th.

There was one thing that much aided me in renewing and recreating the stalwart soldier of the Niagara frontier—the man of true and simple energy. It was the recollection of those memorable words of his, “I’ll try, Sir!” spoken on the very verge of a desperate and heroic enterprise,

and breathing the soul and spirit of New England hardihood, comprehending all perils, and encountering all. If, in our country, valor were rewarded by heraldic honor, this phrase—which it seems so easy to speak, but which only he, with such a task of danger and glory before him, has ever spoken—would be the best and fittest of all mottoes for the General's shield of arms.

—*The Custom House.*

August 28th.

Still, there will be a connection with the long past—a reference to forgotten events and personages, and to manners, feelings, and opinions, almost or wholly obsolete—which, if adequately translated to the reader,

would serve to illustrate how much of old material goes to make up the freshest novelty of human life.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

August 29th.

What a pretty satire on war and military glory might be written in the form of a child's story by describing the snowball fights of two rival schools, the alternate defeats and victories of each, and the final triumph of one party, or perhaps of neither! What pitched battles worthy to be chanted in Homeric strains! What storming of fortresses built all of massive snow blocks! What feats of individual prowess and embodied on sets of martial enthusiasm! And when some well-contested and decisive

victory had put a period to the war, both armies should unite to build a lofty monument of snow upon the battlefield and crown it with the victor's statue hewn of the same frozen marble. In a few days or weeks thereafter the passer-by would observe a shapeless mound upon the level common, and, unmindful of the famous victory, would ask: "How came it there? Who reared it? And what means it?" The shattered pedestal of many a battle monument has provoked these questions when none could answer.

—*Snowflakes.*

August 30th.

The moss-grown willow-tree, which for forty years past has overshadowed these western windows, will be

among the first to put on its green attire. There are some objections to the willow; it is not a dry and cleanly tree, and impresses the beholder with an association of sliminess. No trees, I think, are perfectly agreeable as companions, unless they have glossy leaves, dry bark, and a firm and hard texture of trunk and branches. But the willow is almost the earliest to gladden us with the promise and reality of beauty, in its graceful and delicate foliage, and the last to scatter its yellow yet scarcely withered leaves upon the ground. All through the winter, too, its yellow twigs give it a sunny aspect, which is not without a cheering influence, even in the grayest and gloomiest day.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

August 31st.

Nature thrusts some of us into the world miserably incomplete on the emotional side, with hardly any sensibilities except what pertain to us as animals. No passion, save of the senses; no holy tenderness, nor the delicacy that results from this. Externally they bear a close resemblance to other men, and have perhaps all save the finest grace; but when a woman wrecks herself on such a being, she ultimately finds that the real womanhood within her has no corresponding part in him. Her deepest voice lacks a response; the deeper her cry, the more dead his silence. The fault may be none of his; he cannot give her what never lived within his soul. But the wretchedness on

her side, and the moral deterioration attendant on a false and shallow life, without strength enough to keep itself sweet, are among the most pitiable wrongs that mortals suffer.

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

SEPTEMBER

September 1st.

Doubtless, however, either of these stern and black-browed Puritans would have thought it quite a sufficient retribution for his sins, that, after so long a lapse of years, the old trunk of the family tree, with so much venerable moss upon it, should have borne as its topmost bough, an idler like myself. No aim, that I have ever cherished, would they recognize as laudable; no success of mine—if my life, beyond its domestic scope, had ever been brightened by success—would they deem otherwise than worthless, if not positively disgraceful. “What is he?” murmurs one gray shadow of my forefathers to

the other. "A writer of story books! What kind of a business in life—what mode of glorifying God, or being serviceable to mankind in his day and generation—may that be? Why, the degenerate fellow might as well have been a fiddler!" Such are the compliments bandied between my great-grandsires and myself, across the gulf of time! And yet, let them scorn me as they will, strong traits of their nature have intertwined themselves with mine.

—*The Custom House.*

September 2d.

Two hundred years ago, and more, the old world and its inhabitants became mutually weary of each other. Men voyaged by thousands to the

West; some to barter glass beads, and such like jewels, for the furs of the Indian hunter; some to conquer virgin empires, and one stern band to pray.

—*Twice Told Tales.*

September 3d.

If people have but life enough in them to bear it, there is nothing that so raises the spirits and makes the blood ripple and dance so nimbly, like a brook down the slope of a hill, as a bright, hard frost.

—*A Wonder Book.*

September 4th.

If anywise interested in art, a man must be difficult to please who cannot find fit companionship among a

crowd of persons, whose ideas and pursuits all tend toward the general purpose of enlarging the world's stock of beautiful productions.

One of the chief causes that make Rome the favorite residence of artists—their ideal home which they sigh for in advance, and are so loath to migrate from, after once breathing its enchanted air—is, doubtless, that they there find themselves in force, and are numerous enough to create a congenial atmosphere. In every other clime they are isolated strangers; in this land of art, they are free citizens.

—*The Marble Faun.*

September 5th.

Happier my lot, who will straightway hie me to my familiar room and

toast myself comfortably before the fire, musing and fitfully dozing and fancying a strangeness in such sights as all may see. But first let me gaze at this solitary figure who comes hitherward with a tin lantern which throws the circular pattern of its punched holes on the ground about him. He passes fearlessly into the unknown gloom, whither I will not follow him.

This figure shall supply me with a moral wherewith, for lack of a more appropriate one, I may wind up my sketch. He fears not to tread the dreary path before him, because his lantern, which was kindled at the fire-side of his home, will light him back to that same fireside again. And thus we, night-wanderers through a stormy and dismal world, if we bear

the lamp of Faith enkindled at a celestial fire, it will surely lead us home to that Heaven whence its radiance was borrowed.

—*Night Sketches.*

September 6th.

The present Spring comes onward with fleeter footsteps, because Winter lingered so unconscionably long, that with her best diligence she can hardly retrieve half the allotted period of her reign. It is but a fortnight since I stood on the brink of our swollen river, and beheld the accumulated ice of four frozen months go down the stream. Except in streaks here and there upon the hill-sides, the whole visible universe was then covered with deep snow, the

nethermost layer of which had been deposited by an early December storm. It was a sight to make the beholder torpid, in the impossibility of imagining how this vast white napkin was to be removed from the face of the corpse-like world, in less time than had been required to spread it there. But who can estimate the power of gentle influences, whether amid material desolation, or the moral winter of man's heart?

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

September 7th.

Hence, too, might be drawn a weighty lesson from the little-regarded truth, that the act of the passing generation is the germ which may and must produce good or evil fruit

in a far-distant time; that, together with the seed of the merely temporary crop, which mortals term expediency, they inevitably sow the acorns of a more enduring growth, which may darkly overshadow their posterity.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

September 8th.

The snow has vanished as if by magic; whatever heaps may be hidden in the woods and deep gorges of the hills, only two solitary specks remain in the landscape; and those I shall almost regret to miss, when, tomorrow, I look for them in vain.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

September 9th.

Literature, its exertions and objects, were now of little moment in

my regard. I cared not, at this period, for books; they were apart from me. Nature—except it were human nature—the nature that is developed in earth and sky, was, in one sense, hidden from me; and all the imaginative delight, wherewith it had been spiritualized, passed away out of my mind. A gift, a faculty, if it had not departed, was suspended and inanimate within me. There would have been something sad, unutterably dreary, in all this, had I not been conscious that it lay at my own option to recall whatever was valuable in the past. It might be true, indeed, that this was a life that could not with impunity be lived too long; else, it might have made me permanently other than I had been, without transforming me into any shape

which it would be worth my while to take. But I never considered it as other than a transitory life. There was always a prophetic instinct, a low whisper in my ear, that, within no long period, and whenever a new change of custom should be essential to my good, a change would come.

—*The Custom House.*

September 10th.

Bewitching to my fancy are all those nooks and crannies, where Nature, like a stray partridge, hides her head among the long-established haunts of men! It is likewise to be remarked, as a general rule, that there is far more of the picturesque, more truth to native and characteristic tendencies, and vastly greater suggestive-

ness, in the back view of a residence, whether in town or country, than in its front. The latter is always artificial; it is meant for the world's eye, and is therefore a veil and a concealment. Realities keep in the rear, and put forward an advance guard of show and humbug. The posterior aspect of any old farm house, behind which a railroad has unexpectedly been opened, is so different from that looking upon the immemorial highway, that the spectator gets new ideas of rural life and individuality in the puff or two of steam-breath which shoots him past the premises. In a city, the distinction between what is offered to the public and what is kept for the family is certainly not less striking.

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

September 11th.

This long connection of a family with one spot, as its place of birth and burial, creates a kindred between the human being and the locality, quite independent of any charm in the scenery or moral circumstances that surround him. It is not love, but instinct. The new inhabitant—who came himself from a foreign land, or whose father or grandfather came—has little claim to be called a Salemite; he has no conception of the oyster-like tenacity with which an old settler, over whom his third century is creeping, clings to the spot where his successive generations have been imbedded.

—*The Custom House.*

September 12th.

A sculptor, indeed, to meet the demands which our preconceptions make upon him, should be even more indispensably a poet than those who deal in measured verse and rhyme. His material, or instrument, which serves him in the stead of shifting and transitory language, is a pure, white, undecaying substance. It insures immortality to whatever is wrought in it, and therefore makes it a religious obligation to commit no idea to its mighty guardianship, save such as may repay the marble for its faithful care, its incorruptible fidelity, by warming it with an ethereal life.

—*The Marble Faun.*

September 13th.

There is no impiety in believing that, when his long life was over, the apostle of the Indians was welcomed to the celestial abodes by the prophets of ancient days and by those earliest apostles and evangelists who had drawn their inspiration from the immediate presence of the Saviour. They first had preached truth and salvation to the world. And Eliot, separated from them by many centuries, yet full of the same spirit, had borne the like message to the New World of the West. Since the first days of Christianity there has been no man more worthy to be numbered in the brotherhood of the apostles than Eliot.

—*Grandfather's Chair.*

September 14th.

Do we not all spring from an evil root? Are we not all in darkness till the light doth shine upon us?

—*Twice Told Tales.*

September 15th.

Yet, the longer I reflect, the less am I satisfied with the idea of forming a separate class of mankind on the basis of high intellectual power. At best, it is but a higher development of innate gifts common to all. Perhaps, moreover, he, whose genius appears deepest and truest, excels his fellows in nothing save the knack of expression; he throws out, occasionally, a lucky hint at truths of which every human soul is profoundly,

though unutterably conscious. Therefore, though we suffer the brotherhood of intellect to march onward together, it may be doubted whether their peculiar relation will not begin to vanish as soon as the procession shall have passed beyond the circle of this present world.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

September 16th.

Never before, methinks, has Spring pressed so closely on the footsteps of retreating Winter. Along the roadside, the green blades of grass have sprouted on the very edge of the snowdrifts. The pastures and mowing fields have not yet assumed a general aspect of verdure; but neither have they the cheerless brown tint

which they wear in latter autumn, when vegetation has entirely ceased; there is now a faint shadow of life, gradually brightening into the warm reality.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

September 17th.

Thus gradually, by silent and stealthy influences, are great changes wrought. These little snow particles which the storm-spirit flings by handfuls through the air will bury the great Earth under their accumulated mass, nor permit her to behold her sister Sky again for dreary months. We likewise shall lose sight of our mother's familiar visage, and must content ourselves with looking Heavenward the oftener.

—*Snowflakes.*

September 18th.

When a writer calls his work a romance, it need hardly be observed that he wishes to claim a certain latitude, both as to its fashion and material, which he would not have felt himself entitled to assume, had he professed to be writing a novel. The latter form of composition is presumed to aim at a very minute fidelity, not merely to the possible, but to the probable and ordinary course of man's experience. The former—while, as a work of art, it must rigidly subject itself to laws, and while it sins unpardonably so far as it may swerve aside from the truth of the human heart—has fairly a right to present that truth under circumstances, to a

great extent, of the writer's own choosing or creation.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

September 19th.

But it must be otherwise with our successors. On the most favorable supposition, they will be acquainted with the fireside in no better shape than that of the sullen stove; and more probably, they will have grown up amid furnace heat, in houses which might be fancied to have their foundation over the infernal pit, whence sulphurous streams and unbreathable exhalations ascend through the apertures of the floor. There will be nothing to attract these poor children to one center. They will never behold one another through that pecu-

liar medium of vision—the ruddy gleam of blazing wood or bituminous coal—which gives the human spirit so deep an insight into its fellows, and melts all humanity into one cordial heart of hearts.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

September 20th.

This sunny, shadowy, breezy, wandering life, in which he seeks for beauty as his treasure, and gathers for his winter's honey what is but a passing fragrance to all other men, is worth living for, come afterwards what may. Even if he die unrecognized, the artist has had his share of enjoyment and success.

—*The Marble Faun.*

September 21st.

It was a countenance terrible from its enormity of size, but disconsolate and weary, even as you may see the faces of many people nowadays who are compelled to sustain burdens above their strength. What the sky was to the giant, such are the cares of earth to those who let themselves be weighed down by them. And whenever men undertake what is beyond the just measure of their abilities they encounter precisely such a doom as had befallen this poor giant.

—*A Wonder Book.*

September 22d.

Not one woman in a thousand could move so admirably as Zenobia. Many women can sit gracefully;

some can stand gracefully; and a few, perhaps, can assume a series of graceful positions. But natural movement is the result and expression of the whole being, and cannot be well and nobly performed, unless responsive to something in the character. I often used to think that music—light and airy, wild and passionate, or the full harmony of stately marches, in accordance with her varying mood—should have attended Zenobia's footsteps.

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

September 23d.

Nothing in the whole circle of human vanities takes stronger hold of the imagination than this affair of having a portrait painted. Yet why should it be so? The looking glass,

the polished globes of the andirons, the mirror-like water, and all other reflecting surfaces continually present us with portraits, or rather ghosts, of ourselves, which we glance at and straightway forget them. But we forget them only because they vanish. It is the idea of duration—of earthly immortality—that gives such a mysterious interest to our own portraits.

—*Twice Told Tales.*

September 24th.

I felt it almost as a destiny to make Salem my home; so that the mold of features and cast of character which had all along been familiar here—ever, as one representative of the race lay down in his grave, another assuming, as it were, his sentry-march along

the main street—might still in my little day be seen and recognized in the old town. Nevertheless, this very sentiment is an evidence that the connection, which has become an unhealthy one, should at least be severed. Human nature will not flourish, any more than a potato, if it be planted and replanted, for too long a series of generations, in the same worn-out soil.

—*The Custom House.*

September 25th.

The sacred trust of the household-fire has been transmitted in unbroken succession from the earliest ages, and faithfully cherished, in spite of every discouragement, such as the Curfew law of the Norman conquerors; until,

in these evil days, physical science has nearly succeeded in extinguishing it.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

September 26th.

There is something so massive, stable, and almost irresistibly imposing in the exterior presentment of established rank and great possessions, that their very existence seems to give them a right to exist; at least, so excellent a counterfeit of right, that few poor and humble men have moral force enough to question it, even in their secret minds.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

September 27th.

The secret of the young man's character was a high and abstracted ambition. He could have borne to

live an undistinguished life, but not to be forgotten in the grave. Yearning desire had been transformed to hope, and hope, long cherished, had become like certainty that, obscurely as he journeyed now, a glory was to beam on all his pathway, though not, perhaps, while he was treading it. But when posterity should gaze back into the gloom of what was now the present, they would trace the brightness of his footsteps, brightening as meaner glories faded, and confess that a gifted one had passed from his cradle to his tomb with none to recognize him. —*The Ambitious Guest.*

September 28th.

But, let good men push and elbow one another as they may, during their earthly march, all will be peace among

them when the honorable array of their procession shall tread on heavenly ground. There they will doubtless find, that they have been working each for the other's cause, and that every well-delivered stroke, which, with an honest purpose, any mortal struck, even for a narrow object, was indeed stricken for the universal cause of good.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

September 29th.

Balmy Spring—weeks later than we expected, and months later than we longed for her—comes at last, to revive the moss on the roof and walls of our old mansion. She peeps brightly into my study-window, inviting me to throw it open, and create a summer atmosphere by the intermix-

ture of her genial breath with the black and cheerless comfort of the stove. As the casement ascends, forth into infinite space fly the innumerable forms of thought or fancy that have kept me company in the retirement of this little chamber, during the sluggish lapse of wintry weather—visions, gay, grotesque, and sad; pictures of real life, tinted with Nature's homely gray and russet; scenes in dreamland, bedizened with rainbow hues, which faded before they were well laid on—all these may vanish now, and leave me to mold a fresh existence out of sunshine.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

September 30th.

It is the iron rule in our day to require an object and a purpose in life.

It makes us all parts of a complicated scheme of progress, which can only result in our arrival at a colder and drearier region than we were born in. It insists upon everybody's adding somewhat—a mite, perhaps, but earned by incessant effort—to an accumulated pile of usefulness, of which the only use will be to burden our posterity with even heavier thoughts and more inordinate labor than our own. No life now wanders like an unfettered stream; there is a mill-wheel for the tiniest rivulet to turn. We go all wrong, by too strenuous a resolution to go all right.

—*The Marble Faun.*

OCTOBER

October 1st.

I should think it a poor and meager nature, that is capable of but one set of forms, and must convert all the past into a dream merely because the present happens to be unlike it. Why should we be content with our homely life of a few months past, to the exclusion of all other modes? It was good; but there are other lives as good, or better.

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

October 2d.

A wretched change, indeed, must be wrought in their own hearts, ere they can conceive the primal decree of

Love to have been so completely abrogated, that a brother should ever want what his brother had. When their intelligence shall have reached so far, Earth's new progeny will have little reason to exult over her old rejected one.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

October 3d.

It is the unspeakable misery of a life so false as his, that it steals the pith and substance out of whatever realities there are around us, and which were meant by Heaven to be the spirit's joy and nutriment. To the untrue man, the whole universe is false—it is impalpable—it shrinks to nothing within his grasp. And he himself, in so far as he shows himself

in a false light, becomes a shadow, or, indeed, ceases to exist.

—*The Scarlet Letter.*

October 4th.

It is not good for man to cherish a solitary ambition. Unless there be those around him by whose example he may regulate himself, his thoughts, desires, and hopes will become extravagant, and he the semblance, perhaps the reality of a madman.

—*Twice Told Tales.*

October 5th.

For, little as we know of our life to come, we may be very sure, for one thing, that the good we aim at will not be attained. People never do get just the good they seek. If it come at

all, it is something else, which they never dreamed of, and did not particularly want. Then, again, we may rest certain that our friends of to-day will not be our friends of a few years hence; but, if we keep one of them, it will be at the expense of the others; and, most probably, we shall keep none. To be sure, there are more to be had; but who cares about making a new set of friends, even should they be better than those around us?

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

October 6th.

As these busts in the block of marble, so does our individual fate exist in the limestone of time. We fancy that we carve it out; but its ultimate shape is prior to all our action.

—*The Marble Faun.*

October 7th.

When an uninstructed multitude attempts to see with its eyes, it is exceedingly apt to be deceived. When, however, it forms its judgment, as it usually does, on the intuitions of its great and warm heart, the conclusions thus attained are often so profound and so unerring, as to possess the character of truths supernaturally revealed.

—*The Scarlet Letter.*

October 8th.

When our infancy is almost forgotten, and our boyhood long departed, though it seems but as yesterday; when life settles darkly down upon us, and we doubt whether to call our-

selves young any more, then it is good to steal away from the society of bearded men, and even of gentler woman, and spend an hour or two with children.

—*Twice Told Tales.*

October 9th.

The sun was now an hour or two beyond its noontide mark, and filled the great hollow of the valley with its western radiance, so that it seemed to be brimming with mellow light, and to spill it over the surrounding hillsides like golden wine out of a bowl. It was such a day that you could not help saying of it, "There never was such a day before!" although yesterday was just such a day, and to-morrow will be just such another. Ah,

but there are very few of them in a twelvemonth's circle! It is a remarkable peculiarity of these October days that each of them seems to occupy a great deal of space, although the sun rises rather tardily at that season of the year, and goes to bed, as little children ought, at sober six o'clock, or even earlier. We cannot therefore call the days long, but they appear, somehow or other, to make up for their shortness by their breadth, and when the cool night comes we are conscious of having enjoyed a big armful of life since morning.

—*A Wonder Book.*

October 10th.

In the Spring and Summer time, all somber thoughts should follow the

winter northward, with the somber and thoughtful crows. The old paradisiacal economy of life is again in force; we live, not to think, nor to labor, but for the simple end of being happy; nothing, for the present hour, is worthy of man's infinite capacity, save to imbibe the warm smile of Heaven, and sympathize with the reviving earth.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

October 11th.

Gloomy as it may seem, there is an influence productive of cheerfulness and favorable to imaginative thought in the atmosphere of a snowy day. My hour of inspiration—if that hour ever comes—is when the green log hisses upon the hearth, and

the bright flame, brighter for the gloom of the chamber, rustles high up the chimney, and the coals drop tinkling down among the growing heaps of ashes. When the casement rattles in the gust of the snowflakes, or the sleety raindrops pelt hard against the window panes, then I spread out my sheet of paper with a certainty that thoughts and fancies will gleam forth upon it like stars at twilight or like violets in May, perhaps to fade as soon.

—*Snowflakes.*

October 12th.

A high truth, indeed, fairly, finely, and skillfully wrought out, brightening at every step, and crowning the final development of a work of fic-

tion, may add an artistic glory, but is never any truer, and seldom any more evident, at the last page than at the first.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

October 13th.

It is very true that, sometimes gazing casually around me, out of the midst of my toil, I used to discern a richer picturesqueness in the visible scene of earth and sky. There was, at such moments, a novelty, an unwonted aspect, on the face of Nature, as if she had been taken by surprise and seen at unawares, with no opportunity to put off her real look, and assume the mask with which she mysteriously hides herself from mortals.

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

October 14th.

What a strange idea—what a needless labor—to construct artificial ruins in Rome, the native soil of ruin! But even these sportive imitations, wrought by man in emulation of what time has done to temples and palaces, are perhaps centuries old, and, beginning as illusions, have grown to be venerable in sober earnest.

—*The Marble Faun.*

October 15th.

Had our Adam and Eve become mortal in some European city, and strayed into the vastness and sublimity of an old cathedral, they might have recognized the purpose for which the deep-souled founders reared

it. Like the dim awfulness of an ancient forest, its very atmosphere would have incited them to prayer. Within the snug walls of a metropolitan church there can be no such influence.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

October 16th.

His mind was in a free and happy state and took delight in its own activity, and scarcely required any external impulse to set it at work.

How different is this spontaneous play of the intellect 'from the trained diligence of maturer years, when toil has perhaps grown easy by long habit, and the day's work may have become essential to the day's com-

fort, although the rest of the matter has bubbled away!

—*A Wonder Book.*

October 17th.

The enemies of a great and good man can in no other way make him so glorious as by giving him the crown of martyrdom.

—*Grandfather's Chair.*

October 18th.

All of us, after long abode in cities, have felt the blood gush more joyously through our veins with the first breath of rural air.

—*The Marble Faun.*

October 19th.

It has been our task to uproot the hearth. What further reform is left

for our children to achieve, unless they overthrow the altar too? And by what appeal, hereafter, when the breath of hostile armies may mingle with the pure, cold breezes of our country, shall we attempt to rouse up native valor? Fight for your hearths! There will be none throughout the land. Fight for your stoves! Not I, in faith. If, in such a cause, I strike a blow, it shall be on the invader's part; and Heaven grant that it may shatter the abomination all to pieces!

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

October 20th.

For I am a patriarch. Here I sit among my descendants, in my old armchair and immemorial corner, while the firelight throws an appro-

priate glory round my venerable frame. Susan! My children! Something whispers me that this happiest hour must be the final one, and that nothing remains but to bless you all and depart with a treasure of recollected joys to Heaven. Will you meet me there? Alas! your figures grow indistinct, fading into pictures on the air, and now to fainter outlines, while the fire is glimmering on the walls of a familiar room, and shows the book that I flung down and the sheet that I left half written some fifty years ago. I lift my eyes to the looking glass, and perceive myself alone, unless those be the mermaid's features retiring into the depths of the mirror with a tender and melancholy smile.

—*The Village Uncle.*

October 21st.

In this republican country, amid the fluctuating waves of our social life, somebody is always at the drowning-point. The tragedy is enacted with as continual a repetition as that of a popular drama on a holiday; and, nevertheless, is felt as deeply, perhaps, as when an hereditary noble sinks below his order. More deeply; since, with us, rank is the grosser substance of wealth and a splendid establishment, and has no spiritual existence after death of these, but dies hopelessly along with them.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

October 22d.

Religion sat down beside it, not in the priestly robes which decorated,

and perhaps disguised, her at the altar, but arrayed in a simple matron's garb, and uttering her lessons with the tenderness of a mother's voice and heart. The holy Hearth! If any earthly and material thing—or rather, a divine idea, embodied in brick and mortar—might be supposed to possess the permanence of moral truth, it was this. All revered it.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

October 23d.

Few secrets can escape an investigator, who has opportunity and license to undertake such a quest, and skill to follow it up. A man burdened with a secret should especially avoid the intimacy of his physician. If the

latter possess native sagacity, and a nameless something more—let us call it intuition; if he show no intrusive egotism, nor disagreeably prominent characteristics of his own; if he have the power, which must be born with him, to bring his mind into such affinity with his patient's, that this last shall unawares have spoken what he imagines himself only to have thought; if such revelations be received without tumult, and acknowledged not so often by an uttered sympathy as by silence, an inarticulate breath, and here and there a word, to indicate that all is understood; if to these qualifications of a confidant be joined the advantages afforded by his recognized character as a physician—then, at some inevitable moment, will the soul of the suf-

ferer be dissolved, and flow forth in a dark, but transparent stream, bringing all its mysteries into the daylight.

—*The Scarlet Letter.*

October 24th.

Thought has always its efficacy, and every striking incident its moral.

—*Twice Told Tales.*

A forced smile is uglier than a frown.

—*The Marble Faun.*

October 25th.

But there is a species of intuition—either a spiritual lie, or the subtle recognition of a fact—which comes to us in a reduced state of the corporeal system. The soul gets the better of the body, after wasting ill-

ness, or when a vegetable diet may have mingled too much either in the blood. Vapors then rise up to the brain, and take shapes that often image falsehoods, but sometimes truth. The spheres of our companions have, at such periods, a vastly greater influence upon our own than when robust health gives us a repellent and self-defensive energy.

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

October 26th.

What a singular moment is the first one, when you have hardly begun to recollect yourself, after starting from midnight slumber! By unclosing your eyes so suddenly you seem to have surprised the personages of your dream in full convocation

round your bed, and catch one broad glance at them before they can flit into obscurity. Or, to vary the metaphor, you find yourself for a single instant wide awake in that realm of illusions whither sleep has been the passport, and behold its ghostly inhabitants and wondrous scenery with a perception of their strangeness such as you never attain while the dream is undisturbed.

—*The Haunted Mind.*

October 27th.

How sad is the thought that one of the first things which the settlers had to do, when they came to the New World, was to set apart a burial ground!

—*Grandfather's Chair.*

October 28th.

The sun, meanwhile, if not already above the horizon, was ascending nearer and nearer to its verge. A few clouds, floating high upward, caught some of the earliest light, and threw down its golden gleam on the windows of all the houses in the street, not forgetting the House of the Seven Gables, which—many such sunrises as it had witnessed—looked cheerfully at the present one.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

October 29th.

And now for a moral to my reverie. Shall it be that, since fancy can create so bright a dream of happiness, it were better to dream on from youth

to age than to awake and strive doubtfully for something real? Oh, the slight tissue of a dream can no more preserve us from the stern reality of misfortune than a robe of cobweb could repel the wintry blast. Be this the moral, then: In chaste and warm affections, humble wishes, and honest toil for some useful end, there is health for the mind and quiet for the heart, the prospect of a happy life, and the fairest hope of Heaven.

—*The Village Uncle.*

October 30th.

Men who have spent their lives in generous and holy contemplation for the human race; those who, by a certain heavenliness of spirit, have purified the atmosphere around them, and

thus supplied a medium in which good and high things may be projected and performed—give to these a lofty place among the benefactors of mankind, although no deed, such as the world calls deeds, may be recorded of them.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

October 31st.

It could not be that the world should continue forever what it has been; a soil where Happiness is so rare a flower, and Virtue so often a blighted fruit; a battlefield where the good principle, with its shield flung above its head, can hardly save itself amid the rush of adverse influences. In the enthusiasm of such thoughts, I gazed through one of the pictured

windows; and, behold! the whole external world was tinged with the dimly glorious aspect that is peculiar to the Hall of Fantasy; insomuch that it seemed practicable, at that very instant, to realize some plan for the perfection of mankind. But, alas! if reformers would understand the sphere in which their lot is cast, they must cease to look through pictured windows. Yet they not only use this medium, but mistake it for the whitest sunshine.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

NOVEMBER

November 1st.

Intellectual activity is incompatible with any large amount of bodily exercise. The yeoman and the scholar—the yeoman and the man of finest moral culture, though not the man of sturdiest sense and integrity—are two distinct individuals, and can never be melted or welded into one substance.

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

November 2d.

And now, again, the clock of the Old South threw its voice of ages on the breeze, knolling the hourly knell of the past, crying out far and wide through the multitudinous city, and

filling our ears, as we sat in the dusky chamber, with its reverberating depth of tone. In that same mansion—in that very chamber—what a volume of history had been told off into hours by the same voice that was now trembling in the air! Many a governor had heard those midnight accents and longed to exchange his stately cares for slumber.

—*Old Esther Dudley.*

November 3d.

In a forest, solitude would be life;
in the city, it is death.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

His joy was like that of a child
that had gone astray from home, and
finds him suddenly in his mother's
arms again.

—*The Marble Faun.*

November 4th.

I have sometimes doubted whether there was more than a single man among our forefathers, who realized that an Indian possesses a mind, and a heart, and an immortal soul. That single man was John Eliot. All the rest of the early settlers seemed to think that the Indians were an inferior race of beings, whom the Creator had merely allowed to keep possession of this beautiful country till the white men should be in want of it.

—*Grandfather's Chair.*

November 5th.

Now, I need hardly remind such wise little people as you are that in the old, old times, when King Midas

was alive, a great many things came to pass which we should consider wonderful if they were to happen in our own day and country. And, on the other hand, a great many things take place nowadays which seem not only wonderful to us, but at which the people of old times would have stared their eyes out. On the whole, I regard our own times as the stranger of the two.

—*A Wonder Book.*

November 6th.

Thus early had that one guest—the only guest who is certain, at one time or another, to find his way into every human dwelling—thus early had Death stepped across the threshold of the House of the Seven Gables.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

November 7th.

It is a good lesson—though it may often be a hard one—for a man who has dreamed of literary fame, and of making for himself a rank among the world's dignitaries by such means, to step aside out of the narrow circle in which his claims are recognized, and to find how utterly devoid of significance, beyond that circle, is all that he achieves, and all he aims at. I know not that I especially needed the lesson, either in the way of warning or rebuke; but, at any rate, I learned it thoroughly; nor it gives me pleasure to reflect, did the truth, as it came home to my perception, ever cost me a pang or require to be thrown off in a sigh.

—*The Custom House.*

November 8th.

It is my belief that social intercourse cannot long continue what it has been, now that we have subtracted from it so important and vivifying an element as fire-light. The effects will be more perceptible on our children, and the generations that shall succeed them, than on ourselves, the mechanism of whose life may remain unchanged, though its spirit be far other than it was.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

November 9th.

We have called the Evil; now let us call the Good. The trumpet's brazen throat should pour Heavenly music over the earth, and the her-

ald's voice go forth with the sweetness of an angel's accents, as if to summon each upright man to his reward. But how is this? Does none answer to the call? Not one: for the just, the pure, the true, and all who might most worthily obey it, shrink sadly back, as most conscious of error and imperfection. Then let the summons be to those whose pervading principle is Love. This classification will embrace all the truly good, and none in whose souls there exists not something that may expand itself into a heaven, both of well-doing and felicity.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

November 10th.

Nothing so much depresses me in my view of mortal affairs as to see

high energies wasted and human life and happiness thrown away for ends that appear oftentimes unwise, and still oftener remain unaccomplished. But the wisest people and the best keep a steadfast faith that the progress of mankind is onward and upward, and that the toil and anguish of the path serve to wear away the imperfections of the immortal pilgrim, and will be felt no more when they have done their office.

—*The Sister-Years.*

November 11th.

In classic times, the exhortation to fight “*pro aris et focis*”—for the altars and the hearths—was considered the strongest appeal that could be made to patriotism. And it

seemed an immortal utterance; for all subsequent ages and people have acknowledged its force, and responded to it with the full portion of manhood that Nature had assigned to each. Wisely were the Altar and the Hearth conjoined in one mighty sentence! For the hearth, too, had its kindred sanctity.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

November 12th.

“Alas for you, then, my poor sister!” said the Old Year, sighing, as she uplifted her burden. “We grandchildren of Time are born to trouble. Happiness, they say, dwells in the mansions of eternity, but we can only lead mortals thither step by step with reluctant murmurings, and

ourselves must perish on the threshold."

—*The Sister Years.*

November 13th.

It is our nature to desire a monument, be it slate or marble, or a pillar of granite, or a glorious memory in the universal heart of man.

—*The Ambitious Guest.*

November 14th.

Moonlight, in a familiar room, falling so white upon the carpet, and showing all its figures so distinctly—making every object so minutely visible, yet so unlike a morning of noon-tide visibility—is a medium the most suitable for a romance writer to get acquainted with his illusive guests.

There is the little domestic scenery of the well-known apartment; the chairs, with each its separate individuality; the center-table, sustaining a work-basket, a volume or two, and an extinguished lamp; the sofa; the book-case; the picture on the wall—all these details, so completely seen, are so spiritualized by the unusual light, that they seem to lose their actual substance, and become things of intellect.

—*The Custom House.*

November 15th.

But there is no one thing which men so rarely do, whatever the provocation or inducement, as to bequeath patrimonial property away from their own blood. They may love other

individuals far better than their relatives—they may even cherish dislike, or positive hatred, to the latter; but yet, in view of death, the strong prejudice of propinquity revives, and impels the testator to send down his estate in the line marked out by custom so immemorial that it looks like nature.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

November 16th.

These barren and tedious eccentricities are all that the air-tight stove can bestow, in exchange for the invaluable moral influences which we have lost by our desertion of the open fireplace. Alas! is this world so very bright, that we can afford to choke up such a domestic fountain of glad-

someness, and sit down by its darkened source, without being conscious of a gloom?

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

November 17th.

The somewhat dim coal-fire has an essential influence in producing the effect which I would describe. It throws its unobtrusive tinge throughout the room, with a faint ruddiness upon the walls and ceiling, and a reflected gleam from the polish of the furniture. This warmer light mingles itself with the cold spirituality of the moonbeams, and communicates, as it were, a heart and sensibilities of human tenderness to the forms which fancy summons up. It converts them from snow images into men and

women. Glancing at the looking glass we behold—deep within its haunted verge—the smoldering glow of the half-extinguished anthracite, the white moonbeams on the floor, and a repetition of all the gleam and shadow of the picture, with one remove further from the actual, and nearer to the imaginative. Then, at such an hour, and with this scene before him, if a man, sitting all alone, cannot dream strange things, and make them look like truth, he need never try to write romances.

—*The Custom House.*

November 18th.

But as for the old structure of our story, its white-oak frame, and its boards, shingles, and crumbling plas-

ter, and even the huge, clustered chimney in the midst, seemed to constitute only the least and meanest part of its reality. So much of mankind's varied experience had passed there—so much had been suffered, and something, too, enjoyed—that the very timbers were oozy, as with the moisture of a heart. It was itself like a great human heart, with a life of its own, and full of rich and somber reminiscences.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

November 19th.

And will Death and Sorrow ever enter that proud mansion? As surely as the dancers will be gay within its halls to-night. Such thoughts sadden yet satisfy my heart, for they teach

me that the poor man in his mean, weather-beaten hovel, without a fire to cheer him, may call the rich his brother—brethren by Sorrow, who must be an inmate of both their households; brethren by Death, who will lead them both to other homes.

—*Night Sketches.*

November 20th.

At any nearer view the grandeur of St. Peter's hides itself behind the immensity of its separate parts, so that we see only the front, only the sides, only the pillared length and loftiness of the portico, and not the mighty whole. But at this distance the entire outline of the world's cathedral, as well as that of the palace of the world's chief priest, is

taken in at once. In such remoteness, moreover, the imagination is not debarred from lending its assistance, even while we have the reality before our eyes, and helping the weakness of human sense to do justice to so grand an object. It requires both faith and fancy to enable us to feel, what is nevertheless so true, that yonder, in front of the purple outline of hills, is the grandest edifice ever built by man, painted against God's loveliest sky.

—*The Marble Faun.*

November 21st.

It is not, I apprehend, a healthy kind of mental occupation, to devote ourselves too exclusively to the study of individual men and women. If the person under examination be one's

self, the result is pretty certain to be diseased action of the heart, almost before we can snatch a second glance. Or, if we take the freedom to put a friend under our microscope, we thereby insulate him from many of his true relations, magnify his peculiarities, inevitably tear him into parts, and, of course, patch him very clumsily together again.

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

November 22d.

In the course of generations, when many people have lived and died in an ancient house, the whistling of the wind through its crannies and the creaking of its beams and rafters become strangely like the tones of the human voice, or thundering laugh-

ter, or heavy footsteps treading the deserted chambers. It is as if the echoes of half a century were revived.

—*Edward Randolph's Portrait.*

November 23d.

After drinking from those fountains of still fresh existence, we shall return into the crowd, as I do now, to struggle onward and do our part in life, perhaps as fervently as ever, but for a time with a kinder and purer heart, and a spirit more lightly wise. All this by thy sweet magic, dear little Annie!

—*Twice Told Tales.*

November 24th.

Grandfather, too, had been happy though not mirthful. He felt that

this was to be set down as one of the good Thanksgivings of his life. In truth, all his former Thanksgivings had borne their part in the present one; for his years of infancy, and youth, and manhood, with their blessings and their griefs, had flitted before him while he sat silently in the great chair. Vanished scenes had been pictured in the air. The forms of departed friends had visited him. Voices to be heard no more on earth had sent an echo from the infinite and the eternal. These shadows, if such they were, seemed almost as real to him as what was actually present—as the merry shouts and laughter of the children—as their figures, dancing like sunshine before his eyes.

He felt that the past was not taken from him. The happiness of former

days was a possession forever. And there was something in the mingled sorrow of his lifetime that became akin to happiness, after being long treasured in the depths of his heart. There it underwent a change, and grew more precious than pure gold.

—*Famous Old People.*

November 25th.

A parishioner comes in. With what warmth of benevolence—how should he be otherwise than warm, in any of his attributes?—does the minister bid him welcome, and set a chair for him in so close proximity to the hearth, that soon the guest finds it needful to rub his scorched shins with his great red hands. The melted snow drips from his steaming boots,

and bubbles upon the hearth. His puckered forehead unravels its entanglement of criss-cross wrinkles. We lose much of the enjoyment of fireside heat, without such an opportunity of marking its genial effect upon those who have been looking the inclement weather in the face.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

November 26th.

My life glided on, the past appearing to mingle with the present and absorb the future, till the whole lies before me at a glance. My manhood has long been waning with a stanch decay; my earlier contemporaries, after lives of unbroken health, are all at rest without having known the weariness of later age; and now with

a wrinkled forehead and thin white hair as badges of my dignity, I have become the patriarch—the uncle—of the village. I love that name; it widens the circle of my sympathies; it joins all the youthful to my household in the kindred of affection.

—*The Village Uncle.*

November 27th.

Nevertheless, if we look through all the heroic fortunes of mankind, we shall find this same entanglement of something mean and trivial with whatever is noblest in joy or sorrow. Life is made up of marble and mud. And, without all the deeper trust in a comprehensive sympathy above us, we might hence be led to suspect the insult of a sneer, as well as an im-

mitigable frown, on the iron countenance of fate.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

November 28th.

It is sadly curious to observe how slight a taste of office suffices to infect a poor fellow with this singular disease. Uncle Sam's gold—meaning no disrespect to the worthy old gentleman—has, in this respect a quality of enchantment like that of the Devil's wages. Whoever touches it should look well to himself, or he may find the bargain to go hard against him, involving, if not his soul, yet many of its better attributes; its sturdy force, its courage and constancy, its truth, its self-reliance, in

all that gives the emphasis to manly character.

—*The Custom House.*

November 29th.

And then, at twilight, when laborer or scholar, or mortal of whatever age, sex, or degree, drew a chair beside him, and looked into his glowing face, how acute, how profound, how comprehensive was his sympathy with the mood of each and all! He pictured forth their very thoughts. To the youthful he showed the scenes of the adventurous life before them; to the aged, the shadows of departed love and hope; and, if all earthly things had grown distasteful, he could gladden the fireside muser with golden glimpses of a better world.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

November 30th.

An effect—which I believe to be observable, more or less, in every individual who has occupied the position—is, that, while he leans on the mighty arm of the Republic, his own proper strength departs from him. He loses, in an extent proportioned to the weakness or force of his original nature, the capability of self-support. If he possesses an unusual share of native energy, or the enervating magic of place do not operate too long upon him, his forfeited powers may be redeemable. The ejected officer—fortunate in the unkindly shove that sends him forth betimes, to struggle amid a struggling world—may return to himself, and become all that he has ever been. But this sel-

dom happens. He usually keeps his ground just long enough for his own ruin, and is then thrust out, with sinews all unstrung, to totter along the difficult footpath of life as he best may.

—*The Custom House.*

DECEMBER

December 1st.

It is a heavy annoyance to a writer who endeavors to represent nature, its various attitudes and circumstances, in a reasonably correct outline and true coloring, that so much of the mean and ludicrous should be hopelessly mixed up with the purest pathos which life anywhere supplies to him.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

December 2d.

Afar, the wayfarer discerns the flickering flame, as it dances upon the windows, and hails it as a beacon light of humanity, reminding him, in

his cold and lonely path, that the world is not all snow, and solitude, and desolation.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

December 3d.

I recollect no happier portion of my life than this my calm old age. It is like the sunny and sheltered slope of a valley where late in the autumn the grass is greener than in August, and intermixed with golden dandelions that had not been seen till now since the first warmth of the year.

—*The Village Uncle.*

December 4th.

With how sweet humility did this elemental spirit perform all needful offices for the household in which he

was domesticated! He was equal to the concoction of a grand dinner, yet scorned not to roast a potato, or toast a bit of cheese. How humanely did he cherish the schoolboy's icy fingers, and thaw the old man's joints with a genial warmth, which almost equaled the glow of youth! And how carefully did he dry the cowhide boots that had trudged through mud and snow, and the shaggy outside garment, stiff with frozen sleet; taking heed, likewise, to the comfort of the faithful dog who had followed his master through the storm!

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

December 5th.

The domestic fire was a type of all these attributes, and seemed to bring

might and majesty, and wild Nature and a spiritual essence, into our inmost home, and yet to dwell with us in such friendliness, that its mysteries and marvels excited no dismay. The same mild companion, that smiled so placidly in our faces, was he that comes roaring out of Ætna, and rushes madly up the sky, like a fiend breaking loose from torment, and fighting for a place among the upper angels. And it was he—this creature of terrible might, and so many-sided utility, and all-comprehensive destructiveness—that used to be the cheerful, homely friend of our wintry days, and whom we have made the prisoner of this iron cage!

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

December 6th.

There are few uglier traits of human nature than this tendency—which I now witnessed in men no worse than their neighbors—to grow cruel, merely because they possessed the power of inflicting harm. If the guillotine, as applied to officeholders, were a literal fact, instead of one of the most apt of metaphors, it is my sincere belief, that the active members of the victorious party were sufficiently excited to have chopped off all our heads, and have thanked Heaven for the opportunity.

—*The Custom House.*

December 7th.

What is called poetic insight is the gift of discerning, in this sphere

of strangely mingled elements, the beauty and the majesty which are compelled to assume a garb so sordid.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

December 8th.

Oh, I should be loath to lose my treasure of past happiness and become once more what I was then—a hermit in the depths of my own mind, sometimes yawning over drowsy volumes, and anon a scribbler of wearier trash than what I read; a man who had wandered out of the real world and got into its shadow, where his troubles, joys, and vicissitudes were of such slight stuff that he hardly knew whether he lived or only dreamed of living. Thank Heaven

I am an old man now and have done with all such vanities!

—*The Village Uncle.*

December 9th.

There is something peculiar in the aspect of the morning fireside; a fresher, brisker glare; the absence of that mellowness, which can be produced only by half-consumed logs, and shapeless brands with the white ashes on them, and mighty coals, the remnant of tree trunks that the hungry elements have gnawed for hours. The morning hearth, too, is newly swept, and the brazen andirons well brightened, so that the cheerful fire may see its face in them.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

December 10th.

As the pure breath of children revives the life of aged men, so is our moral nature revived by their free and simple thoughts, their native feeling, their airy mirth, for little cause or none, their grief, soon roused and soon allayed. Their influence on us is at least reciprocal with ours on them.

—Twice Told Tales.

December 11th.

In the course of world's lifetime, every remedy was tried for its cure and extirpation, except the single one, the flower that grew in Heaven, and was sovereign for all the miseries of earth. Man never had attempted to

cure sin by Love! Had he but once made the effort, it might well have happened, that there would have been no more need of the dark lazareth-house into which Adam and Eve have wandered.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

December 12th.

You must not think that there was no integrity and honor except among those who stood up for the freedom of America. For aught I know, there was quite as much of these qualities on one side as on the other. Do you see nothing admirable in a faithful adherence to an unpopular cause? Can you not respect that principle of loyalty which made the royalists give up country, friends, fortune, every-

thing, rather than be false to their king? It was a mistaken principle; but many of them cherished it honorably, and were martyrs to it.

—*Liberty Tree.*

December 13th.

This perception of an infinite, shivering solitude, amid which we cannot come close enough to human beings to be warmed by them, and where they turn to cold, chilly shapes of mist, is one of the most forlorn results of any accident, misfortune, crime, or peculiarity of character, that puts an individual ajar with the world. Very often there is an insatiable instinct that demands friendship, love, and intimate communion, but is forced to pine in empty forms;

a hunger of the heart, which finds only shadows to feed upon.

—*The Marble Faun.*

December 14th.

Girls are incomparably wilder and more effervescent than boys, more untamable, and regardless of rule and limit, with an ever-shifting variety, breaking continually into new modes of fun, yet with a harmonious propriety through all. Their steps, their voices, appear free as the wind, but keep consonance with a strain of music inaudible to us. Young men and boys, on the other hand, play, according to recognized law, old, traditional games, permitting no caprices of fancy, but with scope enough for the outbreak of savage instincts.

For, young or old, in play or in earnest, man is prone to be a brute.

—*The Blithedale Romance.*

December 15th.

How does Winter herald his approach? By the shrieking blast of latter Autumn, which is Nature's cry of lamentation as the destroyer rushes among the shivering groves where she has lingered and scatters the sear leaves upon the tempest. When that cry is heard, the people wrap themselves in cloaks, and shake their heads disconsolately, saying: "Winter is at hand."

—*Snowflakes.*

December 16th.

During the short afternoon, the western sunshine comes into the study,

and strives to stare the ruddy blaze out of countenance, but with only a brief triumph, soon to be succeeded by brighter glories of its rival. Beautiful it is to see the strengthening gleam—the deepening light—that gradually casts distinct shadows of the human figure, the table, and the high-backed chairs, upon the opposite wall, and at length, as twilight comes on, replenishes the room with living radiance, and makes life all rose-color.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

December 17th.

And I, likewise—who have found a home in this ancient owl's nest, since its former occupant took his Heavenward flight—I, to my shame, have put

up stoves in kitchen, and parlor, and chamber. Wander where you will about the house, not a glimpse of the earth-born, Heaven-aspiring fiend of *Ætna*—him that sports in the thunder storm—the idol of the Ghebers—the devourer of cities, the forest-rioter, and prairie-sweeper—the future destroyer of our earth—the old chimney-corner companion, who mingled himself so sociably with household joys and sorrows—not a glimpse of this mighty and kindly one will greet your eyes. He is now an invisible presence. There is his iron cage.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

December 18th.

Many writers lay very great stress upon some definite moral purpose, at

which they profess to aim their works. Not to be deficient in this particular, the author has provided himself with a moral—the truth, namely, that the wrong-doing of one generation lives into the successive ones, and, divesting itself of every temporary advantage, becomes a pure and uncontrollable mischief—and he would feel it a singular gratification, if this romance might effectually convince mankind—or, indeed, any one man—of the folly of tumbling down an avalanche of ill-gotten gold, or real estate, on the heads of an unfortunate posterity, thereby to maim and crush them, until the accumulated mass shall be scattered abroad in its original atoms.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

December 19th.

People in difficulty or in distress, or in any manner at odds with the world, can endure a vast amount of harsh treatment, and perhaps be only the stronger for it; whereas, they give way at once before the simplest expression of what they perceive to be genuine sympathy.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

December 20th.

The good old clergyman, my predecessor in this mansion, was well acquainted with the comforts of the fireside. His yearly allowance of wood, according to the terms of his settlement, was no less than sixty cords. Almost an annual forest was

converted from sound oak logs into ashes, in the kitchen, the parlor, and this little study, where now an unworthy successor—not in the pastoral office, but merely in his earthly abode—sits scribbling beside an air-tight stove.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

December 21st.

Evening—the early eve of December—begins to spread its deepening veil over the comfortless scene. The firelight gradually brightens and throws my flickering shadow upon the walls and ceiling of the chamber, but still the storm rages and rattles against the windows. Alas! I shiver and think it time to be disconsolate, but, taking a farewell glance at dead

Nature in her shroud, I perceive a flock of snow birds skimming light-somely through the tempest and flitting from drift to drift as sportively as swallows in the delightful prime of summer. Whence come they? Where do they build their nests and seek their food? Why, having airy wings do they not follow Summer around the earth, instead of making themselves the playmates of the storm and fluttering on the dreary verge of the winter's eve? I know not whence they come, nor why; yet my spirit has been cheered by that wandering flock of snow birds.

—*Snowflakes.*

December 22a.

It is only through the medium of the imagination that we can lessen

those iron fetters, which we call truth and reality, and make ourselves even partially sensible what prisoners we are.

—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

December 23d.

In one way or another, here and there, and all around us, the inventions of mankind are fast blotting the picturesque, the poetic, and the beautiful, out of human life.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

December 24th.

Pleasant is a rainy winter's day within doors. The best study for such a day—or the best amusement, call it what you will—is a book of

travels describing scenes the most unlike that somber one which is mistily presented through the windows. I have experienced that Fancy is then most successful in imparting distinct shapes and vivid colors to the objects which the author has spread upon his page, and that his words become magic spells to summon up a thousand varied pictures. Strange landscapes glimmer through the familiar walls of the room, and outlandish figures thrust themselves almost within the sacred precincts of the hearth. Small as my chamber is, it has space enough to contain the ocean-like circumference of an Arabian desert, its parched sands tracked by the long line of a caravan with the camels patiently journeying through the heavy sunshine. Though my

ceiling be not lofty, yet I can pile up the mountains of Central Asia beneath it till their summits shine far above the clouds of the middle atmosphere.

—*Night Sketches.*

December 25th.

When romances do really teach anything, or produce any effective operation, it is usually through a far more subtle process than the ostensible one.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

December 26th.

Blessed, therefore, and reverently welcomed by me, her true-born son, be New England's Winter, which makes us one and all the nurslings of

the storm, and sings a familiar lullaby even in the wildest shriek of the December blast.

—*Snowflakes.*

December 27th.

How kindly he was, and, though the tremendous agent of change, yet bearing himself with such gentleness, so rendering himself a part of all life-long and age-coeval associations, that it seemed as if he were the great conservative of Nature! While a man was true to the fireside, so long would he be true to country and law—to the God whom his fathers worshiped—to the wife of his youth—and to all things else which instinct or religion have taught us to consider sacred.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

December 28th.

Where is that brilliant guest—that quick and subtle spirit whom Prometheus lured from Heaven to civilize mankind, and cheer them in their Wintry desolation—that comfortable inmate, whose smile, during eight months of the year, was our sufficient consolation for Summer’s lingering advance and early flight? Alas! blindly inhospitable, grudging the food that kept him cheery and mercurial, we have thrust him into an iron prison, and compel him to smolder away his life on a daily pittance which once would have been too scanty for his breakfast! Without a metaphor, we now make our fire in an air-tight stove, and supply it with some half-a-

dozen sticks of wood between dawn and nightfall.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

December 29th.

Thus the great house was built. Familiar as it stands in the writer's recollection—for it has been an object of curiosity with him from boyhood, both as a specimen of the best and stateliest architecture of a long-past epoch, and as the one of events more full of human interest, perhaps, than that of a gray feudal castle—familiar as it stands, in its rusty old age, it is therefore only the more difficult to imagine the bright novelty with which it first caught the sunshine.

—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

December 30th.

It is a great revolution in social and domestic life—and no less so in the life of the secluded student—this almost universal exchange of the open fire-place for the cheerless and ungenial stove.

—*Young Goodman Brown.*

December 31st.

The clock in the tall steeple of Doctor Emerson's church struck twelve; there was a response from Doctor Flint's, in the opposite quarter of the city; and while the strokes were yet dropping into the air, the Old Year either flitted or faded away, and not the wisdom and might of angels, to say nothing of the remorse-

ful yearnings of the millions who had used her ill, could have prevailed with that departed year to return one step. But she, in the company of Time and all her kindred, must hereafter hold a reckoning with mankind.

—*The Sister-Years.*

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